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Saturday Review

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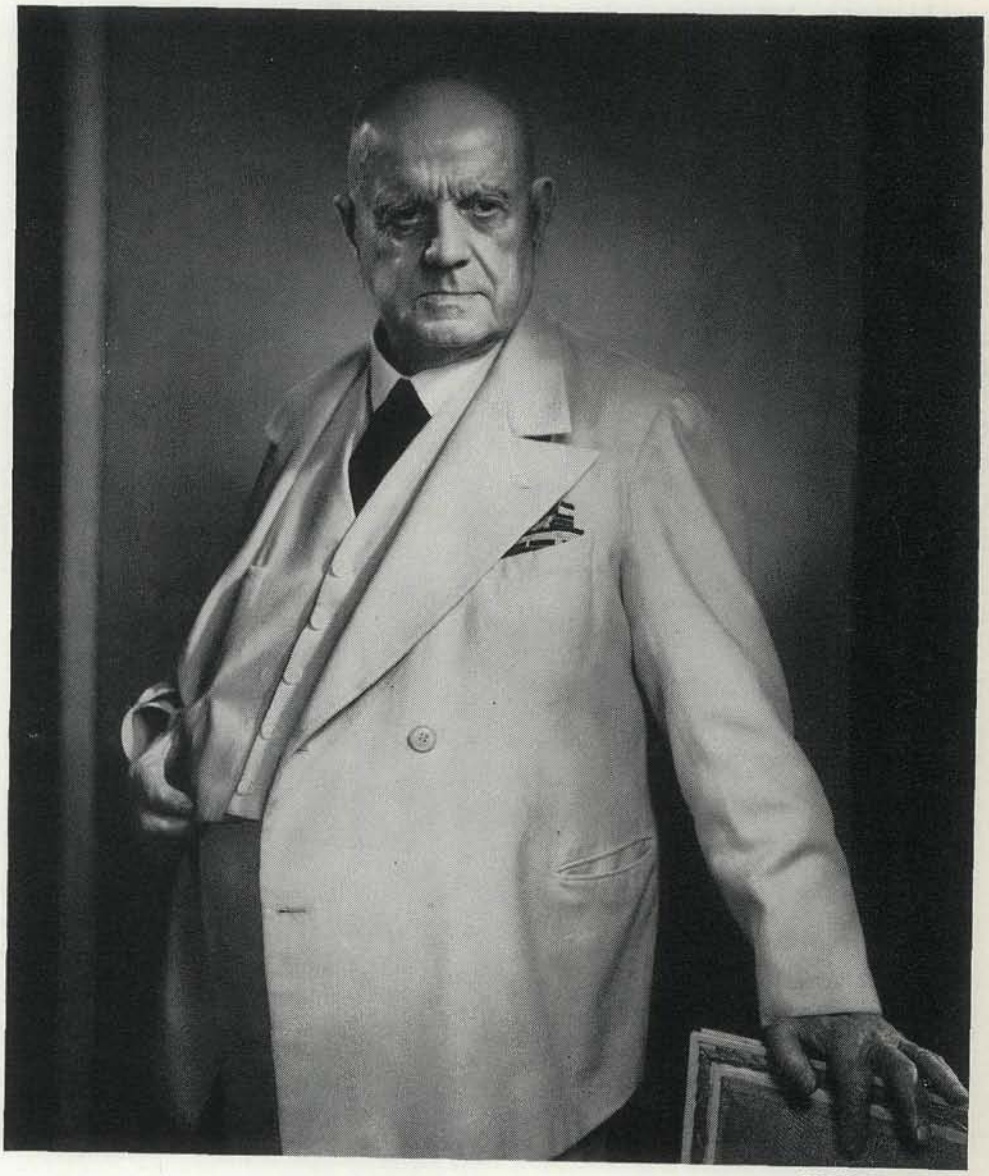

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Jean Sibelius, subject of a biography by Harold E. Johnson (SEE BOOKS)

AN ADDRESS IN MOSCOW by Norman Cousins

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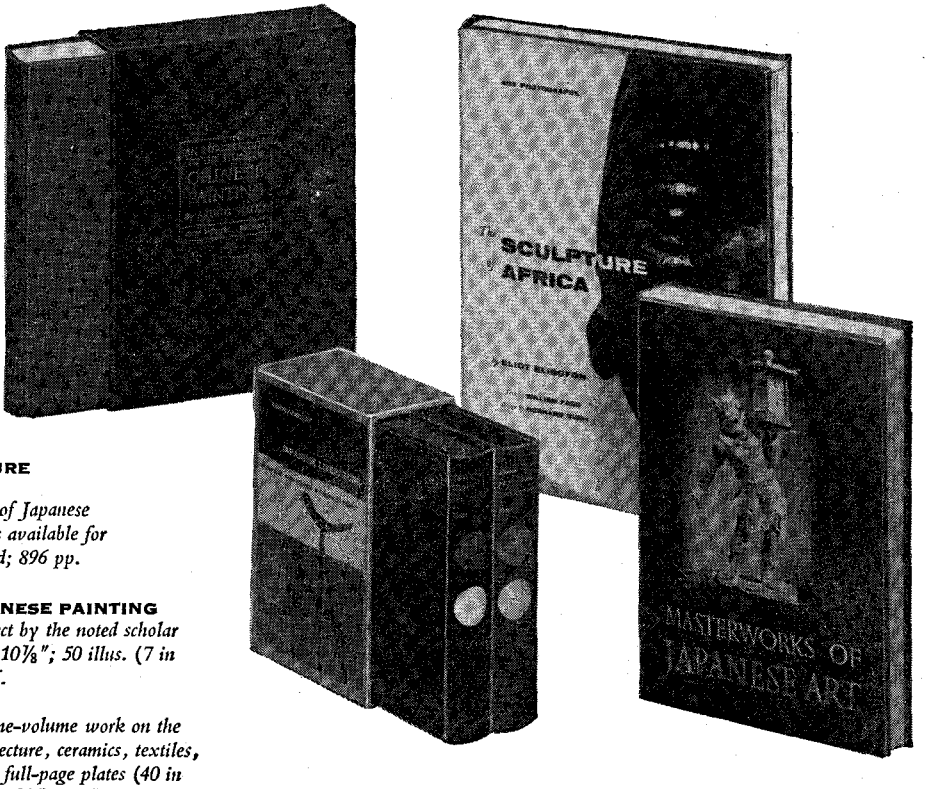

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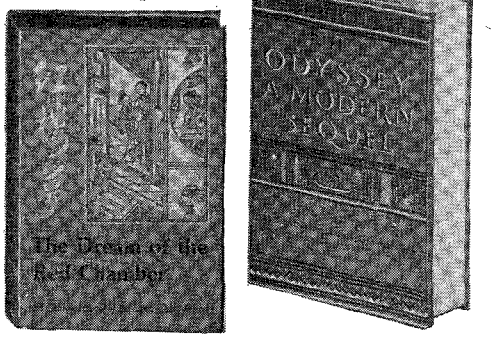

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Book or magazine, it's devoted to the arts. If you're on anybody's mailing list, you've surely heard about it by now. What you may not have heard is that single copies are obtainable in bookstores.

The July issue is full of intellectual starch calculated to crisp the most heat-wilted brain. There's a translation by Gilbert Highet of a newly discovered Greek comedy by Menander; "Horizon's" editors, who know about such things, say its publication is almost equivalent to the appearance of a hitherto unknown play by Shakespeare.

There are also pieces on Leonard Bernstein, the fabulous Mrs. Gardner of Boston, the town of Arles, and David Belasco's deadening effect on modern theatre. It runs the whole range from "A" (for African dances) to "Z" (for Zen). The text is superb and if the color illustrations aren't out of this world, at least they're some of the finest on the *horizon*.

If you're a subscriber now, see your bookseller for copies for your friends; if you don't know "Horizon" yet, drop by your bookstore and get acquainted.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The July issue of "Horizon" ($3.95) may be obtained from your own bookseller or from any of the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at Bishop's Corner, West Hartford, Conn. While they last, copies of back issues may also be obtained through bookstores at the $3.95 price.

Saturday Review

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TRADE Winds

AN OUTFIT CALLING itself the Academic Recording Institute has just gone into business. It puts on tape and LP records discussions by scholars and intellectuals of important subjects, and then you subscribe to the series and play them for yourself or for any group of people desiring enlightenment. The advertisements that have been running in this publication explain it in more detail.

I am mentioning it because of something C. Northcote Parkinson, historian and political scientist, said in his discussion (which is on one of the tapes) of how governments rise and fall. After that strange nonsense about what shape table they would use at Geneva, Professor Parkinson's remarks now seem applicable:

"We are always being told about round-table conferences. It is quite obvious that a square-table conference must be something entirely different and a long-table conference would be different again.

"The obvious way a long table affects a conference is that the people tend to develop separate conversations at either end. The longer the table, the more inevitable, because they can't even hear each other. Imagine a table with, say, twenty people scattered along it; the chairman is at one end and someone starts mumbling his remarks on an item on the agenda.

"The people at the far end of the table can't hear him and so they start talking among themselves instead. Then the people in the middle do the same thing and you end up with a sort of babble of conversation going on. At that point, the man who is speaking is forced to get on his feet in order to make himself heard. As soon as he gets on his feet, he has to make a speech. He can't help it—it's just human nature.

"So he starts making a speech and, of course, there the whole nature of the meeting is altered, because instead of it being a conversation, it then becomes more like a political meeting where someone is on the platform giving his views at length.

"And that all arises from it being a long table."

IT IS A RELIEF to know that the big fire at the Air Force Statistical Center in the Pentagon wasn't so bad after all. My secret information comes from a dispatch printed in a newspaper, which revealed more about the Pentagon than any enemy spy could have turned up in years of snooping.

Millions of dollars' worth of IBM machines and 5,200 reels of computer tape burned up. However, it was stated that the data stored on the

tapes was concerned with "administrative matters." It also developed that "the information on the tapes could be retrieved from other records." An inspection of the fire-swept area showed that an ordinary card file had escaped damage, presumably because the cards were packed tightly in an insulated steel frame box.

I can only deduce that the huge, vital, underground Air Force Statistical Center is concerned with keeping IBM machines working on such things as promotions, scores of the Air Force Academy football team, dress uniforms, medals, press mailing lists, and the rating of the Steve Canyon TV show. I also conclude that this dope will be put back on new reels of tape, and that the information will come from that single-engine, bi-plane file of cards that escaped damage.

Now, if ever, is the time for the enemy to strike.

INCIDENTALLY, whatever happened to "Khrushchev's mystery trip to Albania"? He went there suddenly, and the papers were full of it. It was "regarded as significant," they said, that he visited the only Soviet satellite on the Mediterranean, just at this crucial moment in the Geneva deliberations.

Of course, there is no reason why the fellow can't take a trip to Albania if he wants to. Does there have to be a reason? Maybe he wanted to go swimming. The tip-off to the affair is that the commentators said, "It was regarded as significant." When they resort to the passive voice, you know that they are in trouble. You

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might very well ask, "*Who* regarded it as significant?" except that the journalists already asked that question and found no answer. One couldn't write, "I regard it as significant" or "So-and-so regards it as significant," because the fact is, no one really regards it as significant. The stories appeared so that in case something significant *did* eventually take place in Albania, the pundits couldn't be charged with napping.

Let's face it. Nothing significant has *ever* happened in Albania since that business about King Zog and his love affairs.

ACCORDING TO BOB SYLVESTER, Spencer Hare wrote a magazine article last year and received a fan letter from a reader in Europe who addressed him simply, "Spencer Hare, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A." The letter was promptly delivered to Hare's home in the city. A couple of weeks ago a friend wrote Hare and inadvertently typed 1880 Morris Avenue instead of 1881 Morris Avenue, where Hare lives.

The letter was returned to the sender marked "Not at This Address."

IN ELSIE MASTERTON'S marvelous new "Blueberry Hill Cookbook" (Crowell) there is one section on how *not* to make mayonnaise. Apparently true gourmets make their own, but Elsie dares their wrath by declaring that this is one product which, if purchased with care, is quite good. She says:

"Anyway, when I try to make it, I find myself confused. One well-known cookbook tells me, 'the secret is to have the bowl and the eggs and the olive oil cold, cold, cold.' Then again I am told, 'This is poppycock. No need to watch the temperature of anything. Just rinse the bowl out with hot water.' Then, so help me, I read, 'The secret is to get the eggs to room temperature' and, again, 'Just at this precise moment, add one tablespoonful of *boiling* water.'

"I am also told, 'Use only a silver fork, it will take a mere moment before the mayonnaise is thick and perfect.' And, 'Don't believe what anybody tells you about a silver fork. Use a hand egg-beater, and it takes less than a minute.' And, 'Use the fastest speed of your electric mixer. You can't fail.' "

Elsie Masterton says, "Well, I can. And anyway, I don't think it tastes so darn wonderful. So buy a jar."

IN THE FORTHCOMING "Saturday Review Gallery," which will be published in September, there is a story entitled "Watch Out for Mr. O'Hara," written more than twenty years ago

THE DRESS PARADE

In all my years of observing coed fashions —and I have been arrested many times— I have never seen such verve, such dash, such *Je ne sais quoi* as can be found in this year's styles!

I am particularly enchanted by the new "baby waist" dresses which so many of you girls are favoring this season. How demure you all look in your "baby waists"! How sweet! How innocent! How colorful when your housemother lifts you up and burps you after dinner!

Another trend that leaves me limp with rapture is the oversized handbag. Goodbye to dinky little purses that hold nothing at all! Hurrah for today's sensibly sized bag with plenty of room for your makeup, your pens and pencils, your shelter half, your Slinky toy, your MG, and your Marlboros.

Did I say Marlboros? Certainly I said Marlboros. What girl can consider herself in the van, in the swim, and in the know, if she doesn't smoke Marlboros? What man, for that matter. Do you want a filter that is truly new, genuinely advanced, but at the same time, does not rob you of the full flavor of first-rate tobacco? Then get Marlboro. Also get matches because the pleasure you derive from a Marlboro is necessarily limited if unlit.

To return to coed fashions, let us now discuss footwear. The popular flat shoe was introduced several years ago when it became obvious that girls were growing taller than boys. For a while the flat shoes kept the sexes in a state of uneasy balance, but today they will no longer serve. Now, even in flats, girls are towering over their dates, for the feminine growth rate has continued to rise with disturbing speed. In fact, it is now thought possible that we will see fifteen-foot girls in our lifetime.

But science is working on the problem, and I feel sure American know-how will find an answer. Meanwhile, a temporary measure is available—the reverse wedgie.

The reverse wedgie is simply a wedgie turned around. This tilts a girl backward at a 45 degree angle and cuts as much as three feet off her height. It is, of course, impossible to walk in this position unless you have support, so your date will have to keep his arm around your waist at all times. This will tire him out in fairly short order; therefore you must constantly give him encouragement. Keep looking up at him and batting your lashes and repeating in awed tones, "How *strong* you are, Shorty!"

Next we turn to hair styling. The hairdo this year is definitely the cloche-coif. One sees very few crew cuts or Irene Castle bobs, and the new Mohican cut seems not to have caught on at all. In fact, I saw only one girl with a Mohican —Rhodelle H. Sigafoos, a sophomore of Bennington. Her classmates laughed and laughed at her, but it was Rhodelle who had the last laugh, for one night a dark,

handsome stranger leaped from behind a birch and linked his arm in Rhodelle's and said, "I am Uncas, the last of the Mohicans—but I need not be the last, dear lady, if you will but be my wife." Today they are happily married and run a candied-apple stand near Macon, Ga., and have three little Mohicans named Patti, Maxine, and Laverne.

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by the late Wolcott Gibbs. The author analyzed the young *New Yorker* writer and predicted his future. Here are some interesting remarks Gibbs made about John O'Hara in 1938:

"He is, I think, preoccupied with a great many things that are trivial and not easy to reconcile with a mind that is adult in other respects. The fact that he didn't go to college, for instance, seems to me to have led him to invest those missing years with a warmth and wonder that they could never have possibly had. F. Scott Fitzgerald's 'This Side of Paradise' has been a sort of textbook for him, to be reread at intervals, and he is more exhaustively informed on college clubs, traditions, and more in general than all but the exceptional alumnus.

"Even his clothes—soft white shirts with the collars buttoned down at the corners, and loose, high-buttoned suits on the celebrated old Brooks Brothers model—belong to that lost but voluble generation. His books often recite long catalogues of high-class gents' haberdashery. . . ."

IDDZIES AND ODDZIES: During the long and bitter strike of hospital employees in New York, the people who came in and helped keep things running were referred to as "volunteer workers," because you could certainly not refer to anyone in a hospital as a "scab." It would be too confusing.

► An antique dealer tells me that the three most valuable objects in that field are Benedict Arnold's Boy Scout manual, George Washington's alarm clock and a letter written by Nathan Hale offering to turn state's evidence (it was held up in the mail).

► During the spectacular TV show, "An Evening with Cyd Charisse," we probably won't hear anything about the dancer's real name, Tula Ellice Finkles. She is being paid $250,000. I do not know how much she would be paid if it were to be entitled "An Evening with Tula Ellice Finkles."

—Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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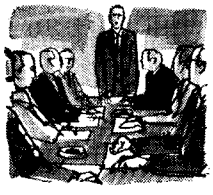
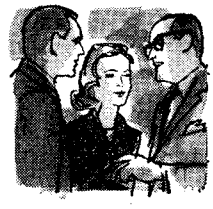
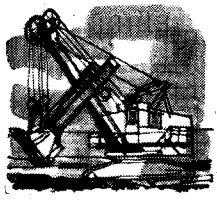
"WITH"

"CHANGE THE FOR TO A WITH," said one of our board members, "and I'll vote for it." He was talking of a proposed new slogan—"In service for people"—adopted in its final form as "In service *with* people" in 1955 when



our company's name was changed from Farm Bureau to Nationwide. The board member had a point—for the clue to Nationwide's real character is not in the word *service* (what insurance company is *not* interested in service?)...nor is the crucial word *people*. But when you try to describe how people experience this service...you realize that at Nationwide a different kind of relationship does indeed exist between company and policyholder—and "service *for* people" is not quite accurate! Born of cooperative roots (an offshoot of the old Ohio Farm Bureau organization), Nationwide has always invited its policyholders to *share* in their company's way of doing things. Even now, 33 years later, Nationwide policyholders meet with management to work out new ideas—to meet the challenges of our new era. And so it follows that Nationwide dollars work in creative ways developing new and improved insurance services—to encourage housing, to raise broadcasting standards, to widen health services, to assist





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Saturday Review

JULY 25, 1959

AN ADDRESS IN MOSCOW

During the past few weeks, the editor of the Saturday Review *has been in the Soviet Union in connection with the cultural-exchange agreements between the two countries. One of the talks he was invited to give was before the Praesidium of the Soviet Peace Committee in Moscow.*

The main burden of the argument in the address may be familiar to readers of the Saturday Review *editorial page. However, in view of the fact that the Soviet censors didn't permit foreign correspondents to send out the text, or portions of it, the transcript is published herewith exactly as delivered. Members of the Soviet press attended the meeting but no word of the address appeared in the Soviet newspapers or radio the following day or thereafter.*

Following the text, Mr. Cousins has appended some marginal notes about the circumstances of the talk and the response to it.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen:

IT HAS been only a short time since I arrived in this country; too short even to make the acquaintance of a big city such as Moscow, but long enough to become aware of the extraordinary vitality, intelligence, and capacity of the Russian people.

I have also been made aware—profoundly aware—of the good will of the Russian people toward the American people, and, generally, toward peoples everywhere. Speaking personally, I can say that I have met a cordial welcome wherever I have gone. My contacts with people here have been casual, it is true, but I have seen and felt an attitude of friendliness and genuine good will.

In fact—just the other day—I asked a traffic policeman in the heart of Moscow for directions. When he discovered that I was an American, he threw his arms around me in an affectionate embrace and did all but kiss me on both cheeks. It developed that he had been in that division of the Soviet Army that joined up with the Americans at the Elbe. And so I was the beneficiary of his warm recollections.

This incident made a strong impression on me. I have been in many countries of the world, but never before have I been embraced—affectionately or otherwise—by a policeman.

The spirit of friendliness is not confined to your traffic officers, I hasten to add. I have seen and felt it in many places—on your streets and in your libraries; in your taxis and your subways; in your theatres and your universities.

Something else I have observed needs to be mentioned. This is the unquestioned fact that the people of the Soviet Union want peace. I don't think that anyone can visit the Soviet Union—however brief that visit may be—without being convinced of this.

It is clear beyond question that the Russian people are concerned most of all with the need to develop their nation and its resources and to build a productive way of life.

I believe these things to be true.

I ask you to believe that these things are equally true of the American people.

First of all, the American people have only the warmest feelings of friendship for the Russian people. Nothing would please us more than to feel we had complete access to one another; to share—as friends must share—our ideas, our concerns, and our hopes for a world that does justice to man and in which men can do justice to each other.

Just as the Russian people long for peace and believe in peace, so do the American people long for peace and believe in peace. This I report to you as a fact. There is hardly a city of any size in the United States that I have not visited in the past few years, talking about peace as I talk to you today. And nowhere in the U. S. have I found anything but the strongest desire to keep the world free of war, free of aggression, free of provocation, free of the bondage that can erupt into war.

You are engaged in the mighty work of building a nation; so are we. The most exciting and demanding tasks in our history are ahead of us.

The challenges that face America have to do not with the development of our physical resources alone but with the fullest possible development of our human resources. This cannot be done without peace.

Now, therefore, consider the paradox. The Russian people want peace and need peace. The American people want peace and need peace. Yet this has not been enough to create peace. Why?

THIS is the question I propose to explore with you today.

I do not say that I have the answers; but at least we may be able together to consider the separate parts of the problem.

Let me say here that I am grateful to the Soviet Peace Committee in Moscow for providing me with this platform. Before I came to your country I was told I would be free to speak as I wished. The invitation to visit the Soviet Union was issued under the general terms of the cultural-exchange program between our two countries.

I believe the invitation was issued in good faith, and I accepted in good faith. I intend to speak as I am sure you would wish me to speak—in absolute candor. Anything less than open

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and direct talk between us is actually a form of treason to the human race. People everywhere are looking to us to end the madness that could put the torch to the world itself.

Consider the power now at the call of nations. Nuclear bombs have been tested that contain the equivalent of 20,000,000 tons of TNT. Not pounds or kilos but tons.

Thousands of these large bombs exist and are now ready for use.

The human mind does not easily comprehend such power or its implications. Yet unless we manage somehow to comprehend this power we will not be able to control it.

One way of comprehending this power is to think of every city that has been bombed. Think of Leningrad, Stalingrad, Kiev, Riga, Minsk, Sverdlovsk, Kharkov, Warsaw, Lodz, Pilsen, Poznan, Berlin, Frankfurt, Hamburg, Bremen, Munich, Essen, Aachen, Cologne, Darmstadt, Düsseldorf, Mannheim, Stuttgart, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Milan, Turin, Salerno, Calais, Cherbourg, London, Coventry, Manchester, Birmingham, Southampton, Madrid, Barcelona, Shanghai, Chunking, Tientsin, Hankow, Nanking, Tokyo, Yokahama, Nagoya, Kobe, Hiroshima, Nagasaki.

Think of the destructive power of all these bombings. Put them all together and they still do not come up to the amount of destructive power now contained in a single bomb that can be carried by a single plane or a single missile—against which there is no defense; no defense except peace.

Before long missiles will be in existence that can travel half way round the world in twenty minutes or less.

There is no defense against such weapons—no defense, I repeat—except peace.

The danger that these weapons will be used is not limited to intent. There is the danger of an accident. There could be a mistake in interpreting strange markings on a radar screen.

Neither side wants war; true; but mutual terror has a way of producing mutual tensions and jitters, and jitters have a way of producing accidents.

Surely the gift of human existence is not so base or valueless that we can afford to risk it altogether on a single throw of the nuclear dice.

This, then, is the situation in which we find ourselves at the end of some hundreds of thousands of years of human evolution, much of it glorious and lit up by brilliant achievement, but almost all of it difficult and precarious. And now we reach the point where we have used up our margin for error—where every decision must be the correct one.

For if the missiles should begin to fly and the bombs begin to fall, then it will make little difference whether the purchasing power of the ruble is greater than that of the dollar or if Soviet science can outstrip American science.

After a war Russia and America will be indistinguishable. Nuclear rubble looks alike. This kind of unity we can forego. Indeed, there may be none to record the results of the madness. For it is now within our joint means not only to expunge the past and demolish the present but to shatter the future. What then do we do?

The obvious thing to do is to create a great design for survival and for the making of a geniune peace—a design to rescue the world from its present anarchy, a design for effective law and justice among nations. It would have to be the kind of design that would establish working controls not only over nuclear armaments but over war itself.

Not until such a design and such controls are created can the humans on this earth be safe. Not until then, in fact, can the commonwealth of man in the twentieth century lay claim to being civilized.

If it is obvious that a design for survival is needed, it is equally obvious that neither the Soviet Union nor the United States can create such a design by itself. Indeed, it may be dangerous for one country to carry out a design regardless of the ideas or needs of others. The peace we seek is not the peace of world domination but the peace of an interdependent diversity based on consent, justice, and the orderly processes of world law.

The necessary design for peace must be a plural enterprise. Therefore, we have to find some way for getting through to each other, some way of drawing up the ground rules for our discourse.

Yet any mutual effort requires mutual trust. And it is precisely here that the difficulty is greatest. For it is the very lack of mutual trust that has produced the runaway nuclear arms race.

One of my purposes in coming to the Soviet Union was to learn at first hand what your feelings are about American policies and our way of life in general. I am learning a great deal on this score, and intend to report fully in my journal on my return.

And now I should like to explain to you why most of our people feel as we do. I do not ask you necessarily to agree that those feelings are correct. I ask you merely to consider that those feelings exist, and what are the reasons and causes behind them.

Let us begin with the activities of

Photo by Clara Urquhart

Archbishop Nikodim: "Please carry a message to the religious community of America."

Children in Leningrad—"Good will . . . and a cordial welcome wherever I have gone." *N.C.*

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the Communist parties outside the Soviet Union.

The Communist Party in the United States has been a party without honor for a very simple reason. It has managed through its actions to convince the American people that it has not been concerned primarily with the welfare of the nation in which its members claim citizenship. It has directed its main energies not towards the development of social progress in America—but towards the needs of a foreign government. It has not been open and aboveboard in its dealings with the American people. It has taken advantage of the machinery of a free society to weaken that society.

I was a member of a writers' trade union before the war in which Communists gained control. Yes, they gained control because they worked harder than anyone else, because they were disciplined, and because they had a singleness of purpose. But, once in power, they directed their main efforts less to the needs of the writers' union than to the policies of the Soviet Union. They collected dues—some of which went into propagandist activities advancing the foreign policy of a government 6,000 miles away.

Now, this situation in the union couldn't last in the very nature of the case. What the union heads were doing became transparent to the majority of our members and eventually they were replaced.

America is not opposed to genuine radicalism. Radicalism is deep in our history. It is part of the national bloodstream. We were born in revolution. It was a revolution based on a clearly defined idea: That the state existed for the sole purpose of protecting the rights and freedoms that come to a man just in the act of being born.

This is a radical idea—and it has yet to be perfectly realized in the United States or elsewhere. But it is the dominant idea of our society. And there are radicals in the United States —call them persistent revolutionaries if you will—men in the spirit of Jefferson and Lincoln who will not be content until the fruits of freedom are enjoyed by all our citizens irrespective of their minority backgrounds or the pigmentation of their skins.

This kind of radicalism, I repeat, exists in the United States, and indeed exerts a powerful thrust in our development. But the Communist Party in the United States, to repeat, has never been a real part of that thrust precisely because its role has been more that of an apologist for another government than a genuine advocate of social reform. In this sense, it has done a great disservice to your country. Moreover, no way of life could be as utopian as they painted it.

For the American people to have reacted as they did against the Communist Party is not unnatural. I ask you to consider your own response if the situation were reversed and a political party were able to exist here that was acting in the interests of a foreign power.

THIS leads to an even more fundamental point; namely, what it is that the American Communist Party was an apologist for?

In the early 1930s, the American people began to take a more sympathetic view of the Soviet Union and its system than we had done in the previous years.

The United States in the early Thirties extended recognition to the Soviet Government and it appeared that an important and fruitful relationship might become a working reality.

But then came a series of purges the extent and harshness of which produced shock waves throughout the world. It became clear that the Russian nation was in the grip of a powerful dictatorship. And, once again, great foreboding was felt in America about what was happening in the Soviet Union.

In opposing that dictatorship we were not opposing the Russian people. Indeed, we were manifesting our friendship for the Russian people.

What we said then was denied by the then existing leadership of the Russian Communist Party. But many years later the main points of our indictment were verified and substantiated by the man who now has the honor to be the Premier of this mighty nation.

The height of America's moral separation from the Soviet Union came in August, 1939, when a nonaggression pact was signed with Adolf Hitler. A few days later Germany launched the Second World War, and we were to hear from Moscow that Fascism or Democracy was a "matter of taste."

Then Hitler broke the nonaggression pact, and the Soviet Union, like the rest of the West, was engaged in a fight for its life. The magnificence of the Russian people in the defense of their homeland gave inspiration to the world. The light that was cast by the Russian people at that time will illuminate and enrich history as long as history is written.

Certainly at the end of the war the prospects for friendship between the two peoples had never been greater. But then, very quickly, a whole series of negative events occurred that made the outlook as ominous as only a short while earlier it had been bright.

Mutual suspicions replaced mutual respect. Common hopes gave way to common anxieties. The Cold War set in.

I repeat once again that I recognize that you feel there was much in American policy that contributed to that situation. Let me, in return, put before you the American feeling about what was happening at the time. I do this not for the purpose of reopening old sores but for the purpose of getting at the sources of present fears and resentments, the better to do away with them.

There was a series of events after the end of the war, as I say, most of them having to do with the functioning of the United Nations, especially as it concerned the veto in the Security Council. No single one of these events by itself was in the nature of a crisis but the accumulation of them was not favorable to the cause of American-Soviet friendship. Then came a major setback of historic proportions. I refer to the sudden change

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LITERARY HORIZONS

J. D. Salinger: Search for Wisdom

By Granville Hicks

LAST spring I taught a course in contemporary fiction at New York University. When I was drawing up the reading list, a veteran teacher whom I consulted mildly questioned the inclusion of J. D. Salinger's "The Catcher in the Rye." "It's the one book," he said, "that every undergraduate in America has read." I think he was pretty nearly right about that, but, for my own sake, I'm glad I decided to teach the book. To most of my students, I discovered, Holden Caulfield meant more than Jake Barnes or Jay Gatsby or Augie March or any other character we encountered in the course, and in the discussion of the novel there was a sense of direct involvement such as I felt on no other occasion.

For the college generations of the Fifties, Salinger has the kind of importance that Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway had for the young people of the Twenties. He is not a public figure as they were; on the contrary, his zeal for privacy is phenomenal; but he is felt nevertheless as a presence, a significant and congenial presence. There are, I am convinced, millions of young Americans who feel closer to Salinger than to any other writer.

In the first place, he speaks their language. He not only speaks it; he shapes it, just as Hemingway influenced the speech of countless Americans in the Twenties. The talk of his characters is, so to speak, righter than right. The voice of Holden Caulfield is a voice we instantly recognize, and yet there is just that twist of stylistic intensification that always distinguishes good dialogue.

In the second place, he expresses their rebellion. Most of my undergraduates, so far as I could tell, were as nonpolitical as Holden Caulfield. They spoke of the lack of interest in political and social problems as characteristic of their generation, a phenomenon to be neither praised nor condemned but simply accepted. Yet they were far from complacency, and they delighted in Holden's attacks on meanness, stupidity, and especially phoniness. They admired his intransigence, too, which he so often refers to as his craziness, and rejoiced in his gestures of defiance.

But Holden is not merely a rebel, and this also my students understood. What is strongest in him, as is indicated by the passage that gives the book its title, is compassion. He is not only full of tenderness towards his sister Phoebe and all children; he is touched by persons casually met on his pilgrimage—by the woman on the train, by the girls in the night club, by the nuns in the station—and wants to make them happy. In the end he feels sorry even for those who have hurt him.

I have been talking seriously about a book that on page after page is wildly funny, but it is fundamentally a serious book, as its younger readers

know. Holden Caulfield is torn, and nearly destroyed, by the conflict between integrity and love. He is driven by the need not to be less than himself, not to accept what he knows to be base. On the other hand, he is capable of understanding and loving the persons to whom his integrity places him in opposition. The problem of values with which Salinger so persuasively confronts his sixteen-year-old is not exclusively a problem of adolescence.

It is a problem that has continued to engage Salinger, whose literary career has taken a curious turn. Although he has been appearing in magazines for almost twenty years, he has published only two books: "The Catcher in the Rye" in 1951 and "Nine Stories" in 1953. (The twenty-odd stories that were published in magazines between 1940 and 1947 have never been collected.) What is even more extraordinary is that since 1953 he has published only four stories, all of them in *The New Yorker*. It is true that they are all quite long, but even so one can hardly regard him as prolific.

These stories have received a remarkable amount of attention, not only from youthful Salinger fans but also from professional students of literature. As everyone knows, either from reading the stories or from reading essays about them, they are all concerned with members of the Glass family. The family was introduced in "A Perfect Day for Bananafish," which was published in *The New Yorker* in 1948 and included in "Nine Stories," and two other stories in that volume belong to the Glass saga. However, it was not until "Franny" (*The New Yorker*, Jan. 29, 1955) that Salinger made a full-length study of one of the seven Glass children—Franny is youngest of them—and it was not until "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" (Nov. 19, 1955) that he gave his readers an idea of the family as a whole. In "Zooey" (May 4, 1957) he was even more informative, and in "Seymour: An Introduction" (June 6, 1959) he has gone on building his structure higher and higher.

There are many things to say about "Seymour," but I want to concentrate on two. The story is told in the first person by Buddy, the second oldest of the Glass children, and Salinger has chosen to identify himself completely with Buddy: for instance, Buddy describes three stories he has written, and they are three stories written and signed by J. D. Salinger. This does not entitle us to assume that Salinger had four brothers and two sisters or appeared on a quiz show or teaches in a women's college, but we cannot avoid the conclusion that when Buddy speaks on literary matters he speaks for Salinger. What we discover is that Salinger is acutely self-conscious, about his writing, about his philosophy, about his reputation. (Buddy alludes to "the bogus information that I spend six months of the year in a Buddhist monastery and the other six in a mental institution.") Indeed, self-consciousness gives the story its peculiar quality, and although the tone is beautifully sustained, as always in Salinger's later work, the self is exceedingly obtrusive. Buddy was prominent in "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters," but he wasn't constantly talking about himself as a writer, and I think that was a better story than this. (So was "Zooey," if only by virtue of the wonderful bathroom conversation between Zooey and his mother, which "Seymour" has nothing to equal.)

On the other hand, as a piece of stylistic virtuosity, the story does make the reader's hair stand on end, and, what is more, the reader begins to see Seymour as Salinger wants us to see him. He was interesting and likable in "A Perfect Day for Banana-

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New Verse for Midsummer Night Dreamers

By DUDLEY FITTS

THE POETRY published during the past few months has not been particularly rewarding. Only three or four of the new books are worth more than a passing glance; otherwise, except for the inevitable freaks of incompetence or irresponsibility, the run is perfunctory and dull—so dull, indeed, that praise and blame seem irrelevant, like criticism of a summer squash. It is to the saving exceptions, in whole or in part, that I would turn my readers' attention; such of the others as deserve any consideration at all can be briefly treated, or simply recorded as Present. Yet the unhappy fact of dullness remains. Even when one has made adjustments for the personal defects of the reviewer ("He's a New Critic"; "He's an Old Crotchet"; "He's a Grammarian"; "a Cad"; "a reformed Surrealist"; "He too dislikes it") one must yield, I hope, to the proposition that there is such a thing as Ideal Tedium, in poetry as in any other form of art. It would seem to be a desirable state, too, a kind of El Plumbado; if not, why such effort on the part of so many writers to create boredom? A fiddling preoccupation with stanza form, a metric limply regularized or staggered, a diction Late Georgian and dead—these seem to be the recipe of so much of the new poetry, particularly of the very young poetry, that one's old bones shrink. Dash, any kind of dash, even a dash in a demonstrably wrong direction, would seem preferable to this accomplished paralysis. I had rather read—as, indeed, I do in the **"Metastasis"** of David M. Johnstone (privately printed, Des Plaines, Ill. 28 pp. 75¢):

> There is no semantic which is patetic
> From the primogent semantophonetic
> Very more than frantic wanders from phrenetic,

than such blameless lines as:

> All that we see of symmetry or of beauty
> Enters our being through the illumined eye;
> Therefore the light, which flows to us from the sun,
> Glorious at high noon, was the greatest gift.
> Within its beam all lovers see each other;
> All speaking forms move in its radiancy—

because the former passage, which I take to be not quite mad, has at least the virtues of audacity and surprise, whereas the latter lines—excerpted without loss from a book called **"Fire Within,"** by Winifred Rawlins (Francestown, N. H. 75 pp. $2.75)—are correct and null. They express a truth, to be sure, but a truth on a level with the revelation that light proceeds from the sun, and that the sun is glorious at "high"—as opposed to "low"?—noon; and that is the sort of revelation that is viable in poetry, or in anything else, only if it is made to operate beyond itself. Here it is merely a commonplace, a padding drawn out in a pseudo-Wordsworthian

cadence, dullness made pretentious. It is significant only because it appears to be symptomatic: more and more poets, I find, are writing more and more like this. It is as though Mr. Cummings had never demonstrated that Beauty Hurts Mr. Vinal. Braithwaite is come again. These are the Mortuary Blues.

It is to this decorous deep-freeze, at any rate, that I would relegate the greater number of the books sent me for this quarterly review. Inoffensive volumes, by and large: the more irritating because they *are* so inoffensive. Certainly **"Into the Light,"** by Charles Shaw (Fine Editions Press, New York. 72 pp. $3), belongs here, although Mr. Shaw celebrates the clichés of misapprehended free verse rather than those of strict form. "Ego / is a needle / through whose minikin eye / truth cannot ever hope to thread / its way" is as tired an epigram, in its cinquaint way, as a man could reasonably hope to compose; and it represents the general tone of a well-meaning, inert book. Certainly the late David Morton's **"Journey Into Time"** (Norfolk, Va. 61 pp. $3.50) belongs here, although the book is valid in that it completes the record of a long life devoted to the writing of agreeable, unostentatious verse. The work of one of the old Nashville Fugitives, Jesse Wills's **"Early & Late"** (Vanderbilt University Press. 106 pp. $3.50) belongs here too, if I may dissent from the judgment of Allen Tate; although Mr. Wills's later verse has flashes of the discomfortable true fire, and in a long and oddly moving polemic, "Requiem for a Church Condemned," he comes close to breaking out of the mold. Elizabeth Jennings, at least in this new volume—**"A Sense of the World"** (Rinehart. 69 pp. $3)—belongs here: I can discover little of the grace and freshness that marked her first collection; only a smooth manipulation of language, a kind of jaded naïveté, a feeling of intermission in what should be, by all the anterior signs, a remarkable career. There are but two poems, "Young Boy" and "The Shot," that reaffirm her promise; and the second of these is haunted by the ghost of Emily Dickinson.

And here I may as well record a new **"Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson"** (Macmillan. 113 pp. $2), edited by James Reeves, a British scholar. The selection, 181 poems, is adequate, and textually sound. Mr. Reeves's introduction—again I must dissent from Mr. Tate, who seems to have found it "the best essay ever written on this subject"—is garrulous, conventionally condescending about "the vulgarian Higginson," who "we are entitled to say . . . was a fool," and muzzy in its approach to the poetry.

Another of these earnest and disappointing books is by the Canadian poet E. J. Pratt. **"Collected Poems"** (Macmillan. 395 pp. $6.50) is robust, extremely attractive in occasional light verses, admirably varied in subject matter—and suffering, whenever it attempts to be more than this, from an almost total failure of ear. At its best, in the long balladlike poems, it suggests a cisatlantic reduction of Masefield; at its less than best it has a tendency to congeal or to dissolve. As in David Morton, whom I have just mentioned, we have here the discouraging spectacle of admirable intentions confined by an inadequate technique: the verse is earthbound because the craft will not sustain it.

Some of these unsatisfactory books are, for one reason or another, more

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difficult to place. Very young first work, for instance, with all the predictable flaws, yet with something genuine beneath the awkward surface. Thus Gerry Hellstrom's **"Flower and Stone"** (Göteborg, Sweden. 71 pp. $1.50), although its general run is too winsomely pretty to be quite true, has moments of dramatic insight, of an innocent clarity, that really seem to promise. She is not slick, at any rate, or complacent; that in itself gives one hope. **"Several Houses,"** by Vi Gale (Swallow. 47 pp. $2), is another debut with Scandinavian overtones. Miss Gale is a better craftsman than Miss Hellstrom, and she has much more to say. Most of her book is conventional enough—the Bird poem, the Beach poem, the Glade poem, the Viking ballad, the Tough Talk poem—, but the rest of it is something else again: a harsh, sensitive recording of image or action in terms that unexpectedly pass from versification into poetry. I instance the last five lines of "Grandfather," although the whole of this poem is moving in just the right direction:

> But never taller than the day he packed to go
> When he talked of a clear spring, a charcoal-tender's hut.
> Stuffing the rucksack with bread and cheese,
> Pale eyes alight, he shot the dipping sun:
> "*Adjö.*" And Haakan Svensson took the woods-way home.

It might be worth while to compare this consciously ungainly passage with Miss Rawlins's lines about light proceeding from the sun. Miss Gale's verse has none of the sweet sliding of "All that we see of symmetry or of beauty." It has no rhetorical grace at all. Yet Miss Gale, because she has seen her image clearly and has had the art to express it in appropriate rather than decorative language, has asserted a truth as against the other's suave platitude. In such passages as this, at any rate, she deserves the name of poet.

Thom Gunn's **"The Sense of Movement"** (Chicago University Press. 62 pp. $2.75) has considerable latent merit. The technique is frequently too rigid, as in the rimed couplets hammered out in praise of Yvor Winters; but, given a more promising subject—Elvis Presley, for example, or the Roman centurion of "The Silver Age"—he generates a rugged power that promises much. At least one of his poems, an erotic nightmare called "The Corridor," is tellingly realized. **"Union Street,"** by Charles Causley, with a preface by Dame Edith Sitwell (Houghton Mifflin. 95 pp. $3), is good raucous, rollicking balladry, mostly, sea-drenched and atlas-dazed; but there are quieter poems, and better ones, ranging from the elegiac to the seriously gay "Ou Phrontis," a reenactment of Herodotos's story about the bridegroom who danced away his own wedding. This last poem is the best in Mr. Causley's book, although an excellent parody of John Betjeman comes close to it.

THE newest of the Yale Younger Poets is William Dickey, whose **"Of the Festivity"** (Yale. 47 pp. $3.50) has the customary introduction by Mr. Auden. Mr. Dickey is skilful and engaging, distinctly more readable, on the whole, than most of the poets I have so far mentioned. He is also witty, in a donnish sort of way, and very successful in establishing an air of casual inconsequence that turns out, upon reflection, to be anything but inconsequential. And the same thing is true of a much more versatile and (I suspect) more accomplished poet, Hollis Summers, whose **"The Walks Near Athens"** (Harper. 72 pp. $3) is a brilliant little collection. His manner is light, and sometimes the lightness goes shrill and cute; but he can say things ("The Wait," for instance, and "Sunday Observation" and "Easter Song") that stick in the mind long after the attention has passed on, and one returns to him with pleasure. (These Athenian walks, I should add, take place in Ohio, not in Hellas.)

"The Stone and the Shell," by Sara Henderson Hay (University of Pittsburgh Press. 81 pp. $3), has its moments of humane wit, of troublingly swift illumination, although I find the versification too placid, too ordered, too complacent. It may be that Miss Hay is merely too conventional for my taste, that I am put off by poetry that so obviously assumes the proper singing robes. What is moving here is moving because it is quietly just and simple and sincere. There is very little of the excitement, the lunging drive of a poem that had to be written. Louise Townsend Nicholl, too, in **"The World's One Clock"** (St. Martin's. 45 pp. $2.95), is given to this kind of elegant repose:

> Joy and the soul are mates, as heart and sorrow;
> The soul has portal difficult and narrow,
> Being a vessel oddly wrought, a cruse
> Which, proffered sorrow, always must refuse—

and so on for four lines more. I do not say that this is bad writing, or pretentious, or inept; it is simply inert, and it represents (the word "cruse" is in itself a give-away) the numb concept of poetry-as-décor that in the end manages only to be genteel.

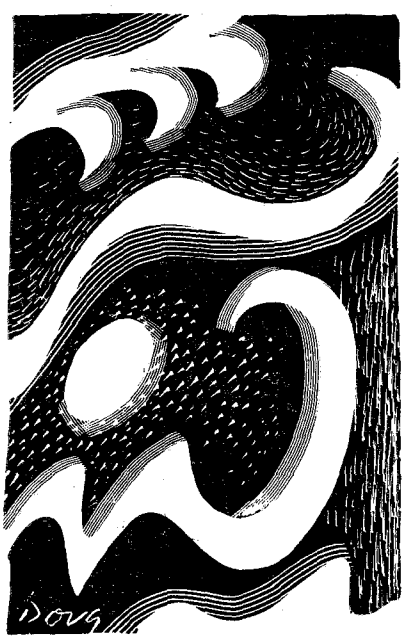
IT SEEMS a pity to say so, but I suspect that Miss Nicholl—and even Miss Hay—would be better off, as writers, if they could catch something of whatever infection it is that has seized upon William Hull. His **"Dandy Brown"** (Experiment Press. 61 pp. $2.50) is a high howl of language from beginning to end, like Judith Anderson playing Medea. The poem is one of those fall-of-man fables, a compound of ballad, shantey, rann, vaudeville skit, dream fantasy, and sermon; rashly adventuring, quite funny—and right back in bed with the Only Begetter, Joyce. If Mr. Hull were as original and as inventive as he is enthusiastic, he would be something to shout for. Even as it is, he has adduced one invention, or a quasi-invention: the Passion of his Hero is cast, partly, in the form of one of those Holy Week oratorios, say the *Matthäuspassion* of J. S. Bach, complete with Narrator, the Agonists, intercalated madrigals and arias, and the usual congregational chorales. Unhappily, he also adduces evidence of unblushing enslavement to the Joyce of the "Ulysses" Nighttown and of "Finnegans Wake":

> Now clear this. The wail of the simple. Birth quakes
> and rocks are hint. Up Chops and eat him. Over.

Not to say:

> The eel, the eel, the king of all shakes
> when affixed to the Sphinx, makes
> a very good tail. . . .

One is left with the feeling, not for



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the first time, that there was only one man who could wake Tim Finnegan, and that the job, radiant and perfectly accomplished, should be left where he dropped it. The energies of "Dandy Brown" are misdirected—though one can only be grateful for them *as* energies, and fall upon them with the delight of a camel in a bar-and-grille. And you will find never a reluctant "cruse" in Mr. Hull's passion.

THE TWO books that remain are Babette Deutsch's **"Coming of Age"** (Indiana University Press. 160 pp. $3.95) and Robert Lowell's eagerly awaited **"Life Studies"** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 90 pp. $3.50). These are poets of the first rank; there has been no one else, in all this carping inquest, who comes near them in the downright skill of art—which clearly was to be expected. Miss Deutsch's volume is in part a recapitulation, although she has added fifteen new poems at the beginning; Mr. Lowell's is all new work. Of Miss Deutsch's earlier poems there is no need to speak: they are familiar to anyone who knows contemporary verse, and it is good to record that they have a way of not fading. I must admit nevertheless, if only to keep my reputation for carping intact, that I respect them more than I admire them. Something of the composed quality, the Orphic attitude that disturbs me in Miss Hay's work, troubles me here. It may be that the manner is too declamatory for my taste:

That sweet fire in the veins, while everywhere
The Furies' filth keeps raining down, the young
Make love, make war, make music: the common tongue
Of private wounds, of the outrage that they share,
Or sing in desperate mockery of despair—

Yes; that is the way it is, or (let's say) that is the way it ought to be, although most of our poets seem more concerned with their private wounds than with the common outrage and the despair. And that is a powerful way of saying, too: the cunningly placed caesuras, the fine counterpoint of cadence against meter, the clear, strong justice (although I prefer Harpies instead of Furies) of the diction.

"Almost thou persuadest me . . .": but, for some reason, not quite. The deficiency is mine: a certain deafness; an uneasiness in the presence of poetry that seems to say so uncompromisingly, "I am poetry"; an unwillingness, I suppose, to yield to incantation. Perhaps I suspect that the energy here is summoned up for the occasion, rather than the occasion's exploding the energy. Whatever the cause, my hesitancy moves about these poems, the new as well as the old, pointing to the fine articulation, the intelligence that unfailingly discriminates the true from the silly, the serious from the false; urging others to see what I can see; and all the while wondering why I am not more moved than I am. The old accusation comes back ("The trouble with Fitts is," said Mr. Aiken, "that he hates poetry"), and I half believe that it is possible to be so much in love with an art that one can't bear that art in action. But this is too passionate; let me conclude that to the extent that I am dissatisfied with "Coming of Age," I am so in spite of its very apparent excellences.

AND with "Life Studies," for reasons that I know are incompetent: a distaste for autobiographical poetry and an uncertainty about the intentions of these particular poems. From the technical point of view, there is only one possible judgment: they are magnificent. That is the exact word: it is the Aristotelian magnificence made poetry. No one does it better, no one writing today. But the poems do not stand as they should, I think. Much of Mr. Lowell's earlier work has drawn upon autobiographical sources (whose work doesn't, or shouldn't?), but he has most often eternalized the moment, transcended the private and the particular. But not here; or, at least, not often enough, or persuasively enough, to avoid an embarrassed sense of regarding the beautifully fashioned shapes of privacies that one has neither the right nor the wish to regard. As a result, one is knocked breathless four or five times on every page by some miraculous artifact of insight, or by an entire poem—"For George Santayana," "Skunk Hour," "Beyond the Alps," "Ford Madox Ford"—; but a disturbing sense of something not wholly transmuted, not wholly freed from the indecisions and doubts of the poet himself, as though this book were a catharsis by evocation rather than an exorcism by confrontation, teases and distresses the mind.

"Life Studies" is not an interruption of art, or an intermission; but I think it is a divagation of sorts, the kind of *excursus* with which Mr. Lowell's ultimate editors will have some difficulty when they set about establishing the Canon.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FROM "THE" TO "SHE" OR "HE"

The titles of many well-known stories identify the central character. Bertha Berman of Peoria, Illinois, asks you to match the actual name of the character with his titular identification. Answers on page 30.

1. "The American"	( ) Harvey Birch
2. "The Beloved Vagabond"	( ) Lydia Blood
3. "The Count of Monte Cristo"	( ) Chad Buford
4. "The Gentleman from Indiana"	( ) Anne Catherick
5. "The Hoosier Schoolmaster"	( ) Edmond Dantes
6. "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"	( ) Gavin Dishart
7. "The Informer"	( ) James Durrie
8. "The Iron Woman"	( ) Rudolf of Elphberg
9. "The Lady of the Aroostook"	( ) Septimus Harding
10. "The Little Minister"	( ) John Harkless
11. "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"	( ) Ralph Hartsook
12. "The Master of Ballantrae"	( ) Michael Henchard
13. "The Mayor of Casterbridge"	( ) Wolf Larsen
14. "The Nigger of the Narcissus"	( ) Sarah Maitland
15. "The Prisoner of Zenda"	( ) Christopher Newman
16. "The Sea Wolf"	( ) Gypo Nolan
17. "The Spy"	( ) Paragot
18. "The Vicar of Wakefield"	( ) Dr. Primrose
19. "The Warden"	( ) Quasimodo
20. "The Woman in White"	( ) James Wait

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COMPOSERS

With His Baton He Ruled Finland

"Jean Sibelius," by Harold E. Johnson *(Knopf. 287 pp. $5), portrays a great creative spirit, balancing his frailties with his genius. Howard Hanson, a composer, conductor, and educator, is director of The Eastman School of Music in Rochester, N. Y.*

By Howard Hanson

HAROLD JOHNSON in his critical biography, "Jean Sibelius," has written not only a fascinating account of the life and works of the great Finnish composer but a penetrating analysis of the problems of the creative artist in coming to grips with his own "way." This biography, like a good detective story, is difficult to put aside until the reader has read it from cover to cover.

That it will not satisfy completely either the large body of Sibelius enthusiasts or that strange group of passionate Sibelius-haters is an indication of the author's objective approach to his subject. The reader should not be put off by the author's own expressed "concern for these good and generous people who were so eager to help me write yet another book about their 'great Sibelius.'" He adds, "Some will undoubtedly feel that I have betrayed their trust in my attempt to reduce him to mortal status."

This biography, because of the author's concern, does most definitely *not* belong in the category of "debunking" biographies which plagued the early decades of the century. It is, instead, the portrait of a great creative spirit possessing those human qualities of egoism and sensitivity to criticism which will be familiar to anyone who has ever met a live composer. These human frailties are unimportant. The creative spirit which could invoke both the grand manner of the Second Symphony and the brooding introspection of the Fourth is important.

Sibelius's early development as a composer of program music and of incidental music for the stage, his early dependence upon the inspiration of poetry, his later partial renunciation of "program" music for "absolute" music is carefully traced, leaving the reader with the unanswered question of the degree of "absoluteness" of the symphonies themselves.

—*From the book.*

1892. Portrait of Jean Sibelius by his brother-in-law, Eero Järnefelt—"as important as generals."

The life of the composer is painted against the background of the turbulent national scene of which Sibelius was an important part. The author remarks: "Had he been born twenty years earlier, twenty years later, or in another country, he might never have become the world figure he is today." While this is probably true, the same might be said of any important figure, in art or out of it. Imagine Mozart born in the backwoods of Colonial America!

What is noteworthy is that, through the concatenation of events, for at least once in history a composer became one of the most important figures of a nation, as important as journalists and generals. To Americans who regard music as strictly peripheral and extra-curricular, this must seem incredible.

The author's explanation of the popularity of the music of Sibelius in the United States and England contrasted with the neglect of his works in France and Germany seems reasonable. Both England and the United States have been cordially receptive to new art forms from any country. Having little tendency toward chauvinistic nationalism, they have freedom of choice. Both Germany and France, with strongly chauvinistic tendencies as far as the arts are concerned, are less hospitable to creators from "foreign" soil.

In the penultimate chapter the author deals gently but effectively with the last-ditch critics of the Finnish master, including the American composers "frequently known as products of the *boulangerie*." The chapter contains a particularly interesting and provocative account of the "counterblasts" which followed the acceptance of Sibelius as a symphonist of universal importance by such distinguished admirers as Olin Downes, Cecil Gray, Constant Lambert, and Ernest Newman. These counterblasts varied from casual dismissal of the composer as just another "realist" or "late romantic" to intemperate attack which seemed to spring from some deep-seated neurosis within the critic rather than from the music of the composer. This problem deserves the attention of the psychiatrist.

The author declines the role of prosecutor, defense attorney, or jury. However, his earlier reference, in chapter twelve, to the Sibelius Fourth Symphony as "in my opinion, one of the great works in the symphonic literature of our century" clearly indicates the direction of his sympathy.

All musicians will be grateful for the invaluable list of Sibelius's compositions and arrangements and for the meticulous care with which he has indicated opus numbers and date of composition. The occasional conflict of date and opus number is frequently illuminating.

I must, for the record, offer one mild objection. In recounting the episode in which Sibelius was offered by George Eastman a position as teacher of composition in the newly formed Eastman School of Music, Mr. Johnson writes: "Eastman had the reputation of ordering his teachers around as though they were employees in his factory." Having worked closely with George Eastman from 1924 to his death, I saw no indication of such a trait.

Mr. Johnson's two years of meticulous research have proven most rewarding. His "Jean Sibelius" is a distinguished biography.

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The Magic Flute Was His

***"Mozart and His Music," by John N. Burk** (Random House. 453 pp. $4.75), is the first book in English on the Austrian master since his bicentennial three years ago. Its value and limitations are noted by Nathan Broder, associate editor* The Musical Quarterly *and editor of Mozart's Piano Sonatas and Fantasies.*

By Nathan Broder

AS WAS to be expected with Mr. Burk, author for many years of the excellent Boston Symphony program notes, this book is neatly organized and, in the main, well written. It is divided into two sections, one dealing with Mozart's life and the other with his works.

In the biographical section Mr. Burk marshals his material skilfully and deploys it in readable fashion, resisting any temptation he may have felt to go off on the innumerable side roads that beckon to the writer in this fascinating period. He does not try to probe deeply into the character of his subject; the psychological delvings of a Schurig or a Turner or an Einstein are avoided: our author confines himself mostly to ascertain able facts. If the resulting portrait is two-dimensional, it at least presents few false colors, or shadings in the wrong places.

Like other Mozart biographers, Mr. Burk was faced with the problem of what to do about the letters. This wonderful correspondence, uninhibited, full of life and sparkle and immediacy, tempts the writer to endless quotation. The danger here, of course, is that Mozart's vivacity might make the surrounding narrative seem drab. Mr. Burk chooses his quotations judiciously, but he might have helped himself more generously. For example, there are few more poignant passages in musical autobiography than Mozart's description, in a letter from Mannheim, of how he tried to get the Elector Palatine to give him a job.

So vivid is the letter that the reader is mesmerized into suspending knowledge of the outcome; he feels, every time he reads it, that maybe *this* time the young composer will succeed, just as one has the feeling, every time one reads "Othello," that maybe this time the Moor will see through Iago's machinations. Although Mr. Burk sums up this affair in a sentence or two, he manages, in his account of that crucial job-hunting journey of the twenty-one-year-old composer, to convey something of the heartache it caused.

The section on the music is novel in its organization. All (or almost all) of the works are listed, with dates of composition, and commented upon, the remarks ranging from a line or two to rather extended descriptions, and for each of the operas the author gives a synopsis of the plot. His observations about the piano concertos are especially cogent. In general, however, a flatness of perspective is evident here also, owing to a too cursory treatment of Mozart's musical environment. In some respects this section needs to be brought up to date. For example, K. 285a, which is omitted entirely, and K. 19d, 241, and 263, which are dealt with as unpublished, are all now published and recorded; K. 93, 221, and 326, which are listed as by Mozart, have been found to be the work of others. Despite these minor faults, this half of the book provides a quick and simple way for the general reader to orient himself in the maze of Mozart's enormous output.

Surprisingly, the book gives evidence of hasty and careless editing. Besides typographical errors, a musical example printed upside down, and that sort of thing, some awkward locutions and even grammatical errors have been permitted to remain, as well as such inconsistencies as the treatment of K. 17 and 18 as symphonies by Mozart in the biographical section, whereas in the section of the works it is correctly stated that they were composed by others.

The Great River and Small

By Welborn Hope

SLEEPING by the stump-fire, ashes in
His eyes, the small man rolled a little nearer
The warmth, away from dawn's malarial grin
Widening over cypress; the dull river,
Loaded from pigsties and commodes of sin,
Uncomprehending, knew not the sleeper, the bearer.

Not for the river were his snatches of sense,
The great octopus gulf-bound with its seizure
Of rich topsoil, the nation's gut-like rinse
Bearing the offal of cities in its leisure,
And abortions from those areas, safe, immense,
Where millions in its tentacles slept secure.

The sleeper by the stump-fire, chilled through and through,
At length arose, staggering under the burden
On his shoulders, as wild verses sucked anew
Which no man living had as yet concurred in.
Crazed with wild verses which like brain-greenery grew—
Out of the swamp to the tavern someone stirred in.
Hunched over beer, to himself the small man sang,
To a bar girl's puzzlement, the dizzy
Life of dumb hordes upriver, and he rang
Bells in heaven, which nobody heard.
Crazy,
He hit his fist on the bar with a bang:
The barmaid muttered, "Brother, take it easy."

How tell her of the huge country his shoulders bore?
He cried, "Rimbaud, Rimbaud, had I your devotion
I would surge with its song to the sea shore."
The fat slow river soundlessly in motion,
The small man sniffled, pushed his mug for more,
Dragging the whole Midwest down to the ocean.

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South of Lisbon Seethe 10,000,000

***"Portuguese Africa," by James Duffy** (Harvard University Press. 389 pp. $6.75), shifting scenes between Mozambique and Angola from 1483 to 1956, is the only English-language history of these so-called "Overseas Provinces." Marvin Harris, an assistant professor in the Department of Anthropology at Columbia University, was in Mozambique under a Ford Foundation Fellowship in 1956-57. His pamphlet "Portugal's African 'Wards'" was published by the American Committee on Africa. He is also co-author of "Minorities in the New World."*

By Marvin Harris

MODERN Portugal has three distinctions: It has one of Europe's lowest standards of living, is ruled by Antonio Oliveira Salazar, the world's most enduring dictator, and it owns the African territories of Mozambique and Angola, each of which is big enough to hold a Texas with plenty of room to spare. These are highly paradoxical achievements. Why is tiny, illiterate, impoverished, Fascist Portugal the master of the destiny of ten million Africans?

Professor Duffy's narrative covers the major events in Portuguese Africa from 1483 to 1956. The scene shifts back and forth between Mozambique and Angola, focusing in sequence upon the age of exploration, the first fragile attempts at colonization, and then the long, grim centuries of massive enslavement. During the nineteenth-century scramble for African colonies, the Portuguese somehow managed to hold on to a few vestiges of their former dominion. Only the outbreak of the First World War prevented England and Germany from partitioning Mozambique and Angola. To strengthen their international position, the Portuguese began brutally and systematically to force the African population into European employment, with or without wages. Antonio Enes, one of Portugal's foremost colonial statesmen at the turn of the century, could see no other alternative:

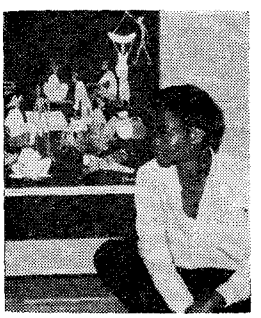
> If we do not learn how, or we refuse, to make the Negro work and cannot take advantage of his work, within a short while we will be obliged to abandon Africa to someone less sentimental and more utilitarian than we . . .

When the Salazar regime took over in the late Twenties this theme continued to dominate colonial policy. For a while dictators and colonies were fashionable, and Portuguese spokesmen during the Thirties did not shrink from boasting that the colonies existed for the glory and profit of Portugal. After the Second World War such attitudes ceased to be a source of international respectability. But the objectives of Portuguese policy in Africa have remained unchanged: cheap labor, lucrative markets, raw materials for the benefit of the Europeans at the expense of the Africans.

Today Portugal insists that it has no African colonies, only "Overseas Provinces." Portuguese delegates by doggedly repeating this formula, have twice defeated motions within the United Nations General Assembly which would have required the African territories to be reported on like the rest of the nonself-governing areas. According to the elaborate "mystique" in whose ritualistic imagery the grubby exploitation of the African peoples is construed to be a dignified and humanitarian mission, Portugal recognizes no distinctions between its African and European provinces. While it is true that the citizens of Mozambique and Angola are constitutionally indistinguishable from any other citizens of Portugal, there remains one nagging difficulty: almost all of the ten million Africans are not considered to be citizens.

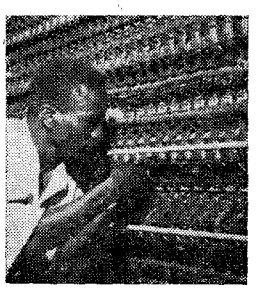
More than 99 per cent of the African people are subject to a special set of laws which strip them of every vestige of political, economic, intellectual, or social freedom. Not only can't the vast majority of Africans speak freely or vote—"luxuries" even the citizens must forbear—but they can't travel,

The Faces of Today's Africa



Her popular art

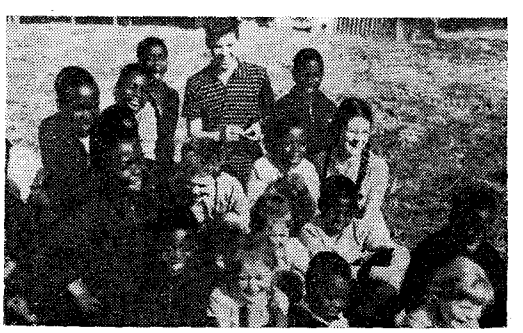
Africa's women are active in politics.



Her skilled technicians

"AFRICANS JUDGE THE WEST by the way individual Westerners act," write Emory and Myrta Ross, who traveled for many years as missionaries throughout the continent. Their book, **"Africa Disturbed"** (Friendship Press, $3.50), tells in restrained, conversational tones of people they met and with whom they discussed the problems of Africa in transition from tribal life to industrialism, from colonialism to self-government.

Her "Spirit of '60"



These modern Congo children travel to Belgium.

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work, buy, sell, plant, harvest, feast, dance, or go out of their houses at night without the specific permission of their *administrador*, the Portuguese version of the great white chief. Alone among the major colonial powers, Portugal steadfastly refuses to admit that African nationalism may eventually have to be accommodated. Either the African is to become a loyal, Portuguese-speaking peasant or laborer, or he remains a tribal "native."

It will come as no surprise to those of us who are not preparing to blast off to Venus, that our distinguished State Department accepts the Portuguese "mystique" without so much as a raised eyebrow and instructs our delegates to support Portugal in the General Assembly debates. When one of our future Vice Presidents gets his face spat on while touring Mozambique, it will undoubtedly be forgotten that we provided the spittle.

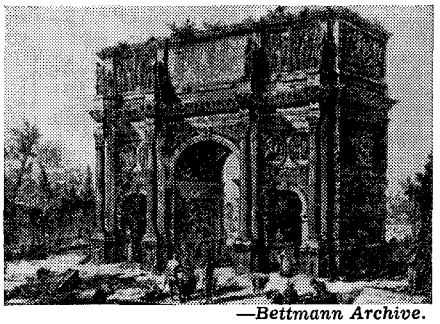
Professor Duffy is no muckraker. He tries conscientiously to keep his fingers off the scale while piling on the evidence. At times, in his anxiety not to influence the results, he even works overtime trying to collect all the little credible bits that can be scraped away from the lies and self-deceptions with which the Salazar regime nourishes its national vanity. But no amount of professional historicism, diligent impartiality, or admiration for the Portuguese people as distinct from their unfortunate government, can strike a balance favorable to the Portuguese in Africa. No impartial observer of contemporary Portuguese policy in Africa could avoid Professor Duffy's conclusion:

> So long as this policy is founded on the assumption that Angola and Mozambique are to be white men's colonies, it will fail to serve the legitimate interests of some ten million Africans. The New State has brought to the provinces the ideological trappings of a psuedo-benevolent paternalism and a superficial prosperity, enjoyed mostly by several thousand Europeans, but it has not broken with the unrewarding traditions of the past . . . It may well be true, as the Portuguese themselves sometimes confess, that they have the vice of history, for . . . they seem strangely intent, as far as the African is concerned, on perpetuating the past into the future.

Now that Professor Duffy's authoritative, but by no means exhaustive book has been published, our total stock of English-language histories of Portuguese Africa amounts to one volume. This one-and-only will obviously occupy an important place on many bookshelves.

Prefab House That Cavour Built

"Italy," by Denis Mack Smith *(University of Michigan Press. 508 pp. $7.50), another volume in the publisher's History of the Modern World library, impartially pictures the forces that have muddied the proud Mediterranean boot. Italian-born Georgio de Santillana is professor of philosophy at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.*



—Bettmann Archive.

Piranesi etching of Rome's Arch of Constantine.

By Georgio de Santillana

THERE is a quality about present-day Italian political life that makes one think of those engravings by Piranesi where populations are shown nesting in massive and reliable-looking ruins. The modern nation, as it took shape in the last century, was a top floor erected by a progressive upper middle class in the best nineteenth-century style. Taken over and ruined by Mussolini, it fell in 1945; the structure collapsed with a great crash right through the floors of two centuries, so that now the country, notwithstanding its intensely modern developments on the surface, is in many respects back to the seventeenth-century level, with the Vatican holding paramountcy as it used to in the Counter-Reformation. Balance against it had long been obtained from outside power—lastly, in the period of unification, from a military semi-outsider, the House of Savoy, which became the national dynasty. This book begins with Cavour's undertaking, a century ago, to set up a lay Italian state, and follows its fate down to our day when, check and balance mostly gone, the state has become a secular arm of sorts, aimed at blocking the country against social change.

It is the merit of Mr. Mack Smith, a lecturer at Cambridge University, to have given a lucid explanation of this paradoxical predicament. One hopes the Italians will soon be able to read his book in translation, for it is difficult even for the best of their historians to attain the impartial perspective, coupled with a deep understanding and unfailing surety in characterization, which is presented by this foreign scholar.

Mr. Mack Smith's main thesis is that the house that Cavour built, which was hailed by the English of his time as a marvel of enlightened liberalism, was a flimsy structure that could stand so long as it was upheld by the authority and the Victorian virtues of a very limited ruling group, as part of a solid liberal Europe. That group showed itself unable to cope with social change and labor unrest, which went with economic growth. Well before the turn of the century, control passed to the advocates of that ambiguous thing called "transformism," which ruled by way of Parliament, surely, but mainly by confusion rather than real acceptance of change; hence on the part of strong power groups the reactionary and authoritarian nostalgias which ended up in Fascism once the frustrated middle classes provided a suitable instrument.

The author sees in her foreign policy the clue to Italy's lopsided and rickety growth. It was unfortunate, he says, that Italy and Germany emerged as nation states just when modern developments in communication and popular education "put unprecedented power at the service of aggravated feelings of national self-sufficiency and self-worship." To fan the flame of these feelings was a favorite diversion for rulers in difficulties. Well over a third of state expenditure was allocated to provision for war between 1860 and 1940. The cry for an unnatural steel industry with imported coal and iron, to provide armaments, led to ruinous protectionism. Absurd colonial expeditions diverted the funds needed for growth into the conquest of African deserts. With it went an inflated phraseology of manifest destinies, an open-eyed dreaming in clichés, which blinded whole generations to the real facts of Italian life.

Up to recent times, poverty was

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abysmal. As one statesman put it, there were two races of people in Italy—those who ate white bread and those who ate black. I remember myself handling some of that black bread, mixed with straw and clay to "stick to the ribs." Pellagra and other deficiency diseases were endemic. But theatres, monuments, and prestige expenditures went on having priority over drainage, roads, and education. By 1901, the emigration of landless laborers had reached the half-million mark. The poor peasant in Italy, if he did not rebel, had no other choice.

> Deforestation, soil erosion, and enclosures had upset his rural economy, destroying his fuel supplies and grazing rights and encouraging the spread of malaria. Heavy local and national taxation skimmed off that small margin of cash which could have made backward areas more fruitful, all the more so now that Italy had pretensions to being a great power. . . .

The author comes back again and again to this *idée fixe* as a perennial source of disaster. The country had risen by playing both ends against the middle in the balance-of-power game of Europe. Cavour knew what he was doing, but his successors confused bargaining force with effective force, and fostered even in themselves the myth of a "great power" which was to prove their undoing. The author shrewdly remarks that the collapse of morale after World War I and the shrieks about "our lost victory," with the consequent rise of Fascism, came from the fact that Italy suddenly found the balance of power destroyed and herself with no bargaining cards at all vis-à-vis the victorious Allies. Mythology became then exasperated into an escape from reality.

Over a third of the volume is given to the aftermath of World War I, to Fascism and post-Fascism. It takes us as far as May, 1958, and ends on a note of doubt. This doubt is certainly substantiated by the present confusion, in which the old evil of "transformism" has become cankered into a political dead end. The clerical regime, never mindful of the Constitution, is degenerating into a *sotto-governo*, a term which might best be translated as "rule under cover." But the gravest motive for doubt lies in the closely reasoned argument that runs through the book, whereby it is proved that political reality almost never operated at the parliamentary level. Modern Italy never did fall from grace utterly, because she never had time to get there in the first place.

Liberty's Tyros

"Cuba: Island of Paradox," by Ruby Hart Phillips *(McDowell, Obolensky. 425 pp. $5), studies twenty-eight years in the country's recent history. Herb Kaplow is an NBC correspondent among whose recent assignments in Latin America has been coverage of the Cuban revolution.*

By Herb Kaplow

THE *New York Times*'s "man in Havana" is a woman. Ruby Hart Phillips began her association with the newspaper in 1931, when her husband became *The Times's* correspondent in Cuba. She helped her husband in his work, and stepped into his place after his death in 1937. Fidel Castro's victory, many years later, sent Mrs. Phillips to the files in her second-floor office a short distance from Cuba's often-coveted Presidential Palace. The result is a fascinating narrative of Cuba's last twenty-eight years.

To those unfamiliar with Latin American politics, this account will be a startling experience. Cubans, says Mrs. Phillips, "are a people possessed by an enormous sense of liberty, yet are seemingly devoid of the sense of responsibility that liberty requires. Cubans are like a flock of ducks attempting to perform the feats of eagles." The author touches too briefly on why this is so.

> Under Spanish rule [she writes] Cubans had never been permitted to hold any but the most lowly public offices. When the Cuban Republic was established in 1902, those elected to high offices were men of arms who had fought guerrilla warfare for many years, and it was inevitable that they should follow the rule by which they had lived—that to the victor belongs the spoils.

This is the story of most of Latin America. It deserves more explanation. Spanish colonialism was a strongly centralized institution that left little opportunity for the colonies to learn self-government. And Latin America isn't too long removed from this colonial status. Further explanation might be useful in tempering Anglo-Sazon impatience with the blood-soaked naïveté Latin Americans show in coping with their political problems.

Mrs. Phillips begins her account with the 1931 revolt against Dictator Gerardo Machado and carries through to that moment on January 8, 1959, when Fidel Castro stands before television cameras at Camp Columbia in Havana, a white dove perched on the shoulder of Cuba's newest liberator. The author goes into considerable detail; some of it is unnecessary and clouds the main line. And yet, at the end of the twenty-eight-year journey, Mrs. Phillips has made her point break through: the "ducks" have tried and failed to "perform the feats of eagles"; will it be different now?

Mrs. Phillips is sympathetic toward Castro. "From the beginning," she says, "he revealed himself as an opponent of all forms of tyranny." She attributes to him qualities of greatness missing in previous Cuban leaders. Nevertheless, much of what Castro has done since the New Year's morning flight of Fulgencio Batista is questioned, primarily Castro's economic policies and his ability to stem growing Communist influence.

The author is severe in her criticism of U. S. policy: it has been "vacillating, hesitant, and cowardly." In an effort to dispel the belief that the U. S. supports dictators, we should, says Mrs. Phillips, withhold recognition of a new regime for a year. If the new "liberator" by then has started to give his people the chance to choose their own government, we would then bestow recognition. Economic loans should be provided Latin America, but only after safeguards are set up to prevent the funds from coming to rest in personal pockets. U. S. military missions should be withdrawn from Latin America; foreign officers could be trained here. That, according to the author, would deflate the charge that we supply arms and military training to the wrong people.

Mrs. Phillips further recommends that Latin Americans desiring American investment should insure these investments against expropriation. More qualified diplomats should be appointed. Lives and property of U. S. citizens should be better protected. Our hesitancy to assert our legitimate rights, says the author, is regarded in Latin American nations as a weakness which can be exploited to considerable advantage.

The wisdom of some of Mrs. Phillips's recommendations are debatable; her concern for U. S. relations with Latin America is not.

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ART AND RUINS: When Selden Rodman returned recently to Mexico some twenty years after a brief visit, he found himself keeping better company than probably any tourist within the memory span of Sanborn's. His conversations with some of Mexico's most prominent intellectuals, surviving revolutionaries, historians, archeologists and, especially, artists, are one of the most absorbing aspects of his newest book, **"Mexican Journal"** (Devin-Adair, $6).

For six months Mr. Rodman with his wife and five-year-old daughter drove a Jeep station wagon along the main highways and into some extremely inaccessible parts of the country. As a poet and art critic, his main concerns were two closely related aspects of Mexico: the great cultural heritage born in its Indian civilizations and the new artistic renaissance. His descriptions of the impressive new finds in the jungles of the south, the Mayan ruins at Yaxchilan and Bonampak, are apparently the first outside the specialist journals. The second and contemporary aspect is scattered throughout the narrative of his daily notes in conversations, reflections, and opinions, personal as well as those of the people he meets.

"Mexican Journal" moves with the swift pace of a day-by-day diary, but with some of its limitations. It is occasionally sketchy, when, for example, the narrative spreads itself thinly over a description of the political life of the country. But as an intimate account of Mexico's rich and complex cultural life today, it is a fresh and absorbing book, reminiscent of Mr. Rodman's definitive reports on Haiti.

—JEANETTE WAKIN.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 840

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 840 will be found in the next issue.

L ABLCD EF L GEHHGK

HMECP HMLH NLDKF

BKOQGRHEQCF.

—LCQC.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 839

Courage ought to have eyes as well as arms.

—H. G. BOHN.

FICTION

In Loving Memory of Myself

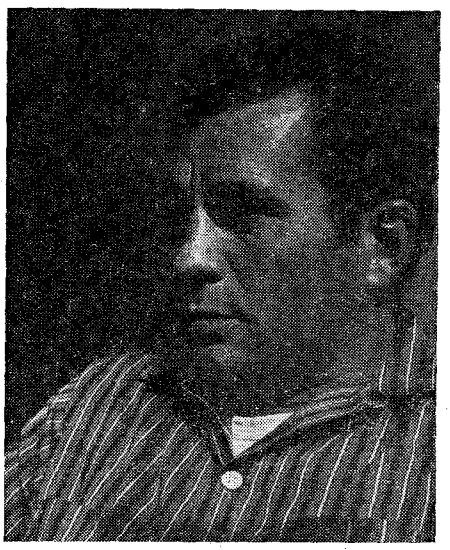
***"Maggie Cassidy," by Jack Kerouac** (Avon. 189 pp. 50¢), rambles autobiographically about a small New England city. To* SR*'s Poetry Editor John Ciardi this most recently unearthed scroll of Kerouarchaism is a "badly mothy bit of juvenilia."*

By John Ciardi

IT IS pretty well established by now that Kerouac bangs out his books on endless rolls of paper which he runs through the typewriter without the impediment of second thought and delivers to his publishers unblemished by revision. "Maggie Cassidy" shows every evidence of being one of our boy's earliest scrolls, dug up from deep in the trunk, from the years before Zen-Jazzism had converted idiocy to holiness with the assistance of marihuana, Marsala, Benzedrine tubes, and Henry Luce's feature editors. My guess is that Avon is banking on whatever mileage may be left in the legend of the beat-jazz to sell a badly mothy bit of juvenilia. No one, to be sure, can be hooked too badly at 50¢, but anyone buying this opus out of an interest in either the Beat Generation or in prose will certainly get hooked all 50¢ worth.

"Maggie Cassidy" is a slap-sprawled chronicle of an adolescent French-Canadian kid from Lowell, Massachusetts, one Jack Duluoz, trackman, baseball player, and footballer, who goes on to attend Columbia, where he plays football briefly under "the big Columbia Coach" Lu Libble, but who leaves school to go odd-job bumming, and who turns out to be Jack Kerouac himself, as thinly disguised as is his Lou Little. Maggie ("Let me sing the beauty of my Maggie. Legs:—the knees attached to the thighs [Ed. Note: very convenient that], knees shiny, thighs like milk . . .") is a vaguely asserted local girl of no visible characteristics (except perhaps for her aptly jointured knees) who was Duluoz's bittersweet first love, but who somehow disappears into his general nostalgia for those good-old twenty-inch snowstorms of good-old Lowell. Also for track shoes, Mom, Dad, bread and mashed potatoes for lunch, and an assortment of mindless young clowns who made up the good-old street-corner gang.

Fiction has been made of slighter materials than these when a writer has gone to work on it, but Kerouac has no interest in writing, if by writing one means the art of shaping experience into a form that releases the experience to a reader. Kerouac prefers merely to assert. There is nothing in this book that might reasonably be called a scene: scenes must be paced and structured, and pace and structure are not available to the slap-sprawl school. There is no action here. Kerouac would have done well to remember Hemingway's warning to Marlene Dietrich, "never [to] confuse motion with action." Here, as everywhere in Kerouac's writing, there is more jerky motion and less action than one may find in any twentieth-century book I know of. There is not even anything that might pass as characterization, and perish the thought that there should be any development of character. There is a considerable amount of confused emoting about Maggie (on about the level of her shiny kneecaps) and Kerouac-Duluoz does tell us a number of times that his love for her is deep and true, but heaven knows why it should be. There is also another girl, named Pauline, who seems to hunger for Duluoz's track-team beautiful legs, and we are told that Duluoz-Kerouac does not love her with a love both deep and true. But



—Hanover Signature Records—Burt Goldblatt.

Jack Kerouac—it happened to *him.*

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there is no hint in the writing as to what makes Maggie more attractive than Pauline to our young hero. As a matter of fact, and simply on the scattering of evidence presented, I suspect the reader would have picked Pauline every time.

However, it is mistaken seriousness to treat this stuff as if it could be asked to respond to the criteria of serious writing. There is no interest here in the art of writing. What there is instead is Kerouac's breathless interest in Kerouac. The total premise of such writing seems to be: "Oh, my God it happened to *me*: every sacred, formless irrelevance is out of my own loving memory of myself." The unique validity of his free-association so validated, Kerouac obviously feels absolved from any necessity to make his material meaningful to the reader. Or even, for that matter, to show a trace of respect for the language itself. I submit the following as a thumbnail anthology of Kerouac prose (occasional italics mine), and enough said:

> . . . just ripened, the flesh bulged and was firm *from* under her shiny dress belt . . .
>
> . . . she turned throwing fecund hair in quick knowing sorrying glances . . .
>
> . . . frozen cold, the ruts and pock holes *have* ice . . .
>
> . . . Maggie performed; *in* her sweet white skates, white muff, you see the flash of her eye . . . [Ed. Note: Where *does* she keep that eye?]

Criminal Record

DEATH IS AN ARTIST. *By Stephen Gardiner. Washburn.* $2.95. English ex-intelligence ace puts on harness again when painter friend is conked at easel; Yard also active; foreign travel precedes solution. Dialogue is abundant.

THE WATCHER. *By Dolores Hitchens. Crime Club.* $2.95. Psychopathic killer in Los Angeles area leads good local cops unmerry chase; sister of one victim has harrowing share in pinning down culprit. High-grade job, as expected.

KILLING COMES EASY. *By Peter Chester. Roy.* $2.75. Yank security biggie flies Londonward to investigate murder of British officer who had rescued thirty-four American prisoners of war in daring coup. Complications abound, but yarn is well-paced.

—SERGEANT CUFF.

Symbols and Sioux

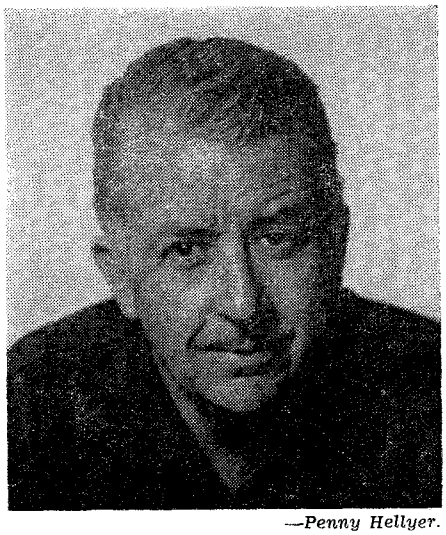
"Mi Amigo," by W. R. Burnett *(Knopf. 241 pp. $3.50), and* ***"Conquering Horse," by Frederick Manfred*** *(McDowell, Obolensky. 355 pp. $4.95), in their separate ways, re-create the West's broncho-busting days. Irwin R. Blacker is the author of the historical novel "Taos."*

By Irwin R. Blacker

THE LITERARY empire loosely called the Western generally includes within its boundaries that vast area stretching from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean—an area actually larger than Europe. The Western label has been acceptable to Hollywood and its precocious relative, television, because producers claim that, regardless of the story told, the picture still looks the same. For those who know the varied Western landscape this argument may be confusing, but it is meaningless when one recalls that the history of the area covers several hundred years and several different civilizations. However, while geography may be all important to the film-maker, such loose terminology also crudely lumps together tales as widely different as W. R. Burnett's "Mi Amigo" and Frederick Manfred's "Conquering Horse."

In "Mi Amigo" W. R. Burnett has turned to the Matter of America. (A not too farfetched description of the Western myth when one recalls that scholars have long referred to the Arthurian legend as the Matter of Britain.) In the myth-Western the symbols are standard. Variation is uncalled for and generally unacceptable. The quality of the story differs only with the writing style and structural competence of the author, and as an old professional (twenty-five novels) Burnett knows the rules of the game. All of the symbols are present: the youthful hero-villain (based on The Kid), the hero cavalry sergeant, who puts a quick end to what any knowledgeable reader will quickly recognize as the Lincoln County Wars, the oldtime Westerner who could not mature with the land, the pretty Mexican girl in love with the boy-killer, the efficient army officer whose wife cannot cope with the loneliness and hardships of the frontier, and the Indian who knows that in order to survive in a world circumscribed by white morality, he must change.

Only the neat, uncluttered style and the firm storytelling hand of a skilled writer like Burnett keeps "Mi Amigo"



—*Penny Hellyer.*

W. R. Burnett—the Matter of America.

from falling into the same class with the Western myth serials running daily on television. Some critics say that mystery and Western writers are our finest literary craftsmen because they know how best to carpenter a story from stereotypes. None would question that Burnett is the most accomplished of artisans. Both the person who scorns the Western and the one who devours the pap created in its name enjoy a good professional performance.

At the opposite pole from the myth-Western lies what might clumsily be called the anthropological Western. The usual symbols are entirely avoided and the actual practices and customs of the natives dominate, and so Frederick Manfred undertook a completely different task from Burnett when he tried to create a fictional Coming of Age or *Bildungsroman* of the Yankton Sioux. In tracing the steps toward manhood—the earning of a name, the fathering of a child, the counting of coup, and the final acceptance as chief—Manfred has emersed his reader in all the trappings of Indian lore and into a background stripped of all white influence. His story line is, at the same time, simple and fascinating.

MANHATTAN INTERLUDE: To those who enjoy their fiction served up with a New York setting and who are not put off by the apparently limitless carnal zeal of certain members of Bohemia, David Loovis's first novel, **"Try for Elegance"** (Scribners, $3.95), should prove a diverting work. Mr. Loovis tells the story of the love affair between Paul Dunar, a twenty-eight year-old painter who can no longer bring himself to paint, and Lee Kroner, a nineteen-year-old student of design, who has fled the respectability of her middle-class family in Springfield, Illinois.

(*Continued on page 30*)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

SENATOR JOE

THE REVIEW BY Herbert Brucker of Richard Rovere's "Senator Joe McCarthy" [*SR* July 4] is a curious affair. It seems to me that Brucker is reviewing the wrong book. I am sure it was not Mr. Rovere's purpose to write a social history of the times. Anyway, Brucker is wrong, for it is a dangerous simplification to see McCarthyism as a product or reflection of the American suspicions of Communism, as dangerous as if to say that German unemployment caused Hitlerism. This oversimplification and facileness of Brucker's is revealed in a statement which he makes: "But the entire nation stood by afraid to speak, or indifferent, or actually applauding, while the guilty and innocent alike were tried, convicted and punished with incredible severity and terrible reality by the McCarthy subcommittee—and this without ever getting near a court, or being offered protection of the rules of fair trial as painfully built up through the centuries."

If these people called up by the McCarthy subcommittee never got a fair trial, how does Brucker know who was guilty, or who was innocent? Or does Brucker presume to know who was guilty merely by the quality of the answers these people gave McCarthy? [It seems that] intelligent men like Brucker apparently were convinced that some of the men called up by McCarthy, or named by McCarthy, were guilty (guilty of what?) and without the fair trial, the lack of which Brucker so soundly, perhaps paradoxically, berates.

PHILIP SIEKEVITZ.

Astoria, N. Y.

DEFENSE OF THE WORD

CIARDI'S EDITORIAL on the "Book Burners" [*SR* June 27]: a 2,500-word defense of the four-letter word. Is it worth it?

H. O. BRUNN.

Seattle, Wash.

SPLIT THE SKY

THE TWO EDITORIALS, "If There Is to Be Mobilization" [*SR* March 21] and "Has Anyone Mentioned the U.N.?" [*SR* March 28] have been cases of clear thinking and truth amidst the clangings of the sounding brass.

But your editorials have inspired me often before. Out of curiosity I checked through some twenty-one back issues that were lying about the house and found that no less than ten of these gave a clear summons to the individual to "split the sky with indignation." And how have I "split the sky"?—with a few letters to my Congressmen, an occasional note to the President, some feeble attempts in social conversation that seem overshadowed by the viewpoint of the "realist," the "practical" man.

I can't help but feel that there must be countless of your readers who could make the same confession. Our concerns are deep, our intentions are good, but we are not making effective use of our power as free citizens. Part of the trouble may be the fear that we stand virtually alone in our views.

Several suggestions occur to me. Perhaps, through your magazine, similar-minded individuals living in given geographical areas could communicate with each other. We could pool our convictions, our energies, our talents; and at least *expose* public opinion to a different viewpoint from the Pentagon-approved one, as well as inspire ourselves to more dynamic action.

Very specifically, those *SR* readers who would like to talk things over together and perhaps even bond together in behalf of their concerns should be enabled to do so. Perhaps you might have a corner in *SR* where readers who are willing to serve as informal liaison people might be able to list their names.

If any readers think these ideas have merit and would like to see informal *SR* groups established in their area, they could write in and make themselves known to the editor. Those in the Bay Area might write me. Let's have other suggestions, let's exchange more ideas.

GRACE PETTY,
3158 Wayside Lane,
Walnut Creek, Calif.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"History will NOT ignore your majesty—you forget about the Louis XV furniture."

UNENDING TASK

IT WILL BE SURPRISING indeed if English teachers approve of the remarks quoted by Joseph Wood Krutch from a book called "The High School Curriculum" [*SR* July 4]. To me and my colleagues there is no more frustrating task than to change the "ain't got no's." However, it is one of the tasks to which all good English teachers are dedicated.

If his editorial is written to "arouse" the English teachers in American public schools I am certain that Mr. Krutch has succeeded.

SHARON TRAUB.

Rochester, Minn.

UNAUTHORIZED SUCCESSION

JOHN LEAR'S editorial [*SR* July 11] refers to "President Benjamin Tyler." He seems to have confused President Tyler's first name with that of the man whom he succeeded in office, President Benjamin Harrison, the hero of Tippecanoe. Benjamin Harrison's grandson, William Henry Harrison, it will be remembered, was elected President in 1888.

MARVIN W. SCHLEGEL.

Farmville, Va.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *John Lear welcomes Reader Schlegel to the game of scrambled history. It was William Henry Harrison who passed on the Presidency (but not the first name of his grandson, Benjamin, a later President) to John Tyler.*

THEY LINGER ON

IN YOUR DISTINGUISHED issue dealing with university presses [*SR* June 20], Howard Mumford Jones praises Victorian hardcover books made to last "not for three months, but for three generations." The inference as to paperbacks is clear.

But erroneous. I have Tauchnitz paperbacks that go back to the nineteenth century and are still in excellent condition. I have American paperbacks going back to the 1930s and still good for years.

Your own report "Pick of the Paperbacks" in the same issue shows that the academics recognize the value of the paperback.

It will endure, can travel.

LEO L. ROCKWELL.

Lakeland, Fla.

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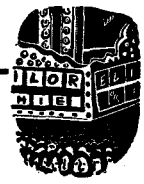

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Lady Chatterley's Lawyer

SINCE "Lady Chatterley's Lover" has been in hot water from the moment the D. H. Lawrence novel first appeared in 1928, there were few surprises when its film incarnation, made in France in 1955, promptly became the storm center of a censorship battle. Film is, and always has been, the most censorable of the arts, the most vulnerable. In fact in this country, thanks to a Supreme Court decision of 1915, movies were denied any legal protection whatsoever until very recently; they were "primarily a form of entertainment," the Court held, not a medium of communication. And as entertainment they became fair game for censors on both local and state levels. Indeed, a proposed Federal censorship of motion pictures was averted only when the industry early in the Twenties organized its own regulatory body, the Hays (now the Johnston) Office.

The first effective move to break the censors' hold came in 1952, when the late Joseph Burstyn carried to the Supreme Court his fight to get Roberto Rossellini's "The Miracle" past the New York censors. The film had been banned on the grounds that it was "sacrilegious." The Court not only rejected this as a basis for censorship, but went on to declare that motion pictures, like the press, were entitled to the freedoms granted under the First, Fifth, and Fourteenth Amendments of the Constitution. Prudently, the decision in "The Miracle" case was rendered specifically in terms of "sacrilegious." Subsequent cases—"La Ronde," "Mom and Dad," "The Moon Is Blue," and now "Lady Chatterley's Lover"—have sought, successfully, to use the earlier ruling as the basis for widening the area of its application.

A central figure in all these proceedings has been a lawyer named Ephraim London, a man who imbues his legal assignments with a sense of mission. What he opposes is "prior restraints," the system that bars a film from the screen before the public has had an opportunity to see it and judge for itself. With solid logic he repeatedly demonstrated that such popular censor concepts as "sacrilegious," "lascivious," "immoral" are in fact so vague that "the person charged with enforcing the law must decide what it means for himself. The law then changes when there is a change of administrator. That is contrary to one of our basic principles, that our government shall be one of laws and not of men."

As the direct result of London's efforts (and of courageous men like Burstyn and Edward Kingsley, the distributors who have borne the trial costs rather than submit to arbitrary cutting), official censorship is now in full retreat, with many of the state and municipal boards simply fading from the scene. Censorship, of course, can still come from other quarters—as evidenced by the Post Office's recent move to bar the Grove Press edition of "Lady Chatterley" from the mails. Pressure groups are making themselves heard in ever greater volume. But thanks to precedents from "The Miracle" to "Lady Chatterley's Lover," the *legal* forms of censorship have all but been eliminated. Only a few days after the recent Supreme Court decision, for example, the Chicago court that had granted an injunction against "Anatomy of a Murder" was forced to reverse itself. Freedom of the screen has at last become a reality—for those producers with the temerity to use it.

It would be gratifying indeed to sustain this triumphant note with the news that the Supreme Court's "Lady Chatterley" decision released to us an all-time classic, that the censors' thick fingers had been throttling a delicate work of art. Unfortunately, this is hardly the case. True, the outlines of Lawrence's story have been preserved—the noblewoman who falls in love with a virile gamekeeper after her husband has been rendered paralyzed and impotent by the war. And it is told with notable restraint and good taste. But despite its theme of adultery, despite even the husband's shocking suggestion that his wife have a child by another man, the film seems surprisingly old-fashioned. It is full of sentiments like, "Love isn't for the rich," or "You're a Lady, I'm a servant. . . ." And while Danielle Darrieux is persuasive enough as the Lady, Erno Crisa and Leo Genn play in the heavy melodramatics of another era—an era, incidentally, that is altogether appropriate to the sentiments, if not the costumes, of the piece. The real importance of this "Lady Chatterley," I'm afraid, lies in the law books, not in the film itself. The triumph is for freedom, not for art.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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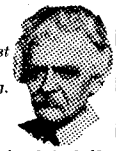

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Gems from "Coriolanus"

STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, ENGLAND.

SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER's rendering of Shakespeare's **"Coriolanus"** commences as the portrait of a spoiled child who is happy only when he is swinging his powerful swift sword. His susceptibility to anger helps make him fearless in battle, but at almost every other time manifests itself in a fatal and ineffective recklessness of tongue. While he wants the admiration of his peers—if there are any—he goes into action with no real respect for his colleagues or consideration of their mortal frailties. He simply enjoys demonstrating his superiority to them. When he is honored for his feats he accepts it awkwardly and makes light of the occasion, because it has never occurred to him that honors are not just anticlimactic rewards for deeds, but represent the human need in those less fortunate than himself for association with the hero's bravery and skill. He is great in the crucible of action, magnificent in his contempt for mediocrity, but a little too eager to sulk or return an insult, and a little too concerned with his eventual place in history.

Under Peter Hall's straightforward direction, the play sets out swiftly and loudly. We meet the scurrilous Roman rabble in regional British dialects as they selfishly demand more food and less military preparedness. And the lowest sort of democratic action threatens the patricians into granting the people representation by a few tribunes in the Senate. The crowd is also incensed at Coriolanus, who so unsubtly opposes its wishes. But an announcement of invasion by the Volsci changes the climate and Coriolanus can afford to defy his antagonists and even taunt them with a dirty chuckle for their inability to fight and their cowardice. Here Olivier walks with an impudent Sicilian languor that is devastating, and sets a comic tone.

Even in battle Olivier chooses to make Coriolanus's eagerness to accept overwhelming challenges warmly humorous as he chortles with self-indulgent glee, "They make me sweat with wrath." This mood is continued when he shames his enemy Aufidius by tossing him back his sword and giving him a triumphantly disdainful over-the-shoulder smile as he saunters away. But perhaps Olivier's most amusing scene is the one in which his mother and the other patricians counsel him to return to the crowd and apologize for his previous angry remarks. Sir Laurence runs down the various indignities his apology will involve, stops, bites his lip, looks up to Heaven, and then nodding his head in newfound conviction, says in measured tones, "I will not do't." Of course, a moment later we see him going off obediently and meekly repeating the word of advice he has just received. "Mildly," he articulates in an exaggerated silent mouthing that ridicules the idea of teaching a plain-speaking man diplomacy.

But "Coriolanus" is not a comedy, and from this half-way point on, Olivier becomes more tragic. When he is banished from Rome, he strikes terror in his audience with his measured crescendo, culminating in "I banish you." The pain of banishment is like some deep physical hurt not yet understood, but from which we are sure that there will be an ultimate reaction. We now see the spoiled little boy grow through adversity to a real rather than a storybook manhood, so that there is a nice irony to his reply to Aufidius's calling him "thou boy of tears."

"Boy!" he roars contemptuously, and we suspect that at last Coriolanus is no longer "a boy."

And to end the evening with a theatrical wallop, Sir Laurence allows himself to be forced off a ledge, to be caught upside down by his ankles, and stabbed to death by the angry Volsci.

While this is an unforgettable Olivier performance, it is also somewhat disappointing on an emotional level. Sir Laurence the actor is too fully in control of the situation for us to believe that Coriolanus is an uncontrollable man. Because the rabble has been set up as sitting ducks who shout every line, the play becomes less complex and interesting. And while the incomparable Dame Edith Evans portrays an unusual Volumnia who must keep pulling herself out of her natural feminine weaknesses, she does not make her crucial plea that Rome not be destroyed as powerful as one would expect from this great actress. Her "Talk to me, son," is splendid, but it is an isolated phrase in an as yet unfused speech. Boris Aaronson's unit setting helps by making a small cast seem large in its deliberately cramped confines.

This is a vital "Coriolanus" performed by England's top talent. Yet one cannot help but feel that it has taken up too few of the play's challenges. We admire highlights here and there, but we are not deeply affected by them in any sustained way.

—HENRY HEWES.

Sir Laurence Olivier as Coriolanus

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Moscow

Continued from page 12

in the status of Czechoslovakia and to the suicide of Masaryk, whose name had become such a symbol of independence in that nation.

Increasingly, thereafter, the situation of the Central European nations forced itself on the consciousness of the outside world. Then, like a suppressed volcano, giant eruptions took place—in East Berlin, in Poland, in Hungary. I was in Berlin that summer and I ask you to believe that this was nothing impulsive, accidental, or unimportant. It was a genuine reaction to an intolerable situation. And now, day after day and week after week, countless hundreds and thousands of East Germans are fleeing to West Germany by way of the West Berlin gateway. This, too, I am able to report to you first hand, for I have been at the gateway and spoken to the people as they came. Just in 1958 alone, a total of 9,200 scientists, doctors, professors, writers, engineers, students, and professional people had crossed the line.

Again, in the past year, I have had occasion to be in Poland three times. I had a chance to talk to people in many walks of life—students, professors, workingmen, writers, scientists, store clerks.

It is important for the Russian people to know that a terrible wall of resentment exists in Poland against the Soviet Union. There was a dramatic demonstration of this less than three years ago, when the Poznan riots touched off upheavals that spread from Poland to Hungary.

There was both shock and revulsion not only in the United States but throughout a large part of the world—in India, Japan, Southeast Asia, and not only the West—when the Hungarian revolt was violently put down and when Soviet tanks and guns went into action.

Following these incidents, there was a liberalization of controls. But, today, once again, the pressure of uneasiness and resentment is mounting. Having just come from Warsaw, I believe the Polish people want complete and unconditional national freedom. I welcome this chance to convey this information to you at first hand.

Now, all these events, as I say, figure in the present atmosphere and in the face-to-face position in which our nations find themselves today.

As against this, however, there are a number of recent positive factors, high among which is the liberalization of foreign affairs under Premier Khrushchev and the willingness to explore direct approaches to the making of a durable peace.

I might also mention here that the recent Communist Party Congress made a re-evaluation of basic policy that is of the utmost affirmative importance in increasing the chances for peace. I refer to the fact that Communist authorities and philosophers no longer believe that war is inevitable in the nature of capitalism. This modification of Marxian thought can be a prodigious factor in favor of the mutual great design for survival.

The will to peace exists strongly in both East and West, and it may be that the world will soon have another chance to make the human commonwealth reasonably safe for itself.

It is doubtful, however, whether the national governments can do the job by themselves. Indeed, the peace of the world is much too important to be left to governments. If the peace is to be real, people everywhere will have to speak up. For what has to be created today is a structure of world law to which the nations will submit.

What kind of structure? First, the kind of structure that does not require unilateral acts by nations for keeping the peace. It should have the authority to carry out a ban against nuclear testing, for example, and make the ban stick. It should do this by having the right and the authority to inspect and enforce.

Second, it is not enough just to stop the tests that are contaminating the air that belongs to all peoples. The structure of world law that is needed should be applied to the existence of nuclear weapons themselves. The manufacture and possession of these planet-shattering explosives should be outlawed—again on the basis of ironclad safeguards, for neither the United States nor the Soviet Union will feel secure if there are any loopholes in an enterprise so vital to their survival.

Third, the great design should be able to underwrite the security, sovereignty, and independence of all nations, large and small. It may be that the Soviet Union has felt compelled to hold on to the Central European nations as a possible buffer against the West. In this case, a structure of world law strong enough to underwrite the security of the Soviet Union should provide the reassurance and guarantees the Soviet leaders may feel they require in order that the Central European nations may regain complete autonomy.

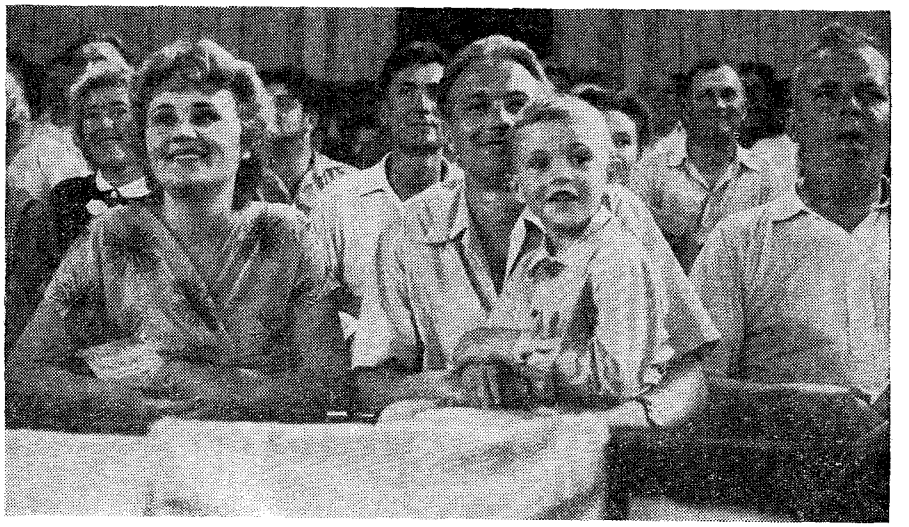
The same would apply to the question of a rearmed Germany. The prospect of a Germany armed with nuclear weapons is a sombre one indeed. Yet if the present power vacuum in Europe can be eliminated through adequate security guarantees under enforceable world law, then the way for long-range pacification of Germany and a peace treaty may be cleared.

Where is such a structure to come from? How will it be made?

We must begin with what we have. The United Nations now exists. It has done remarkable things and it has earned the gratitude of the world's peoples. But the United Nations cannot now underwrite the peace. It cannot carry out an enforced ban on nuclear weapons testing or on nuclear weapons themselves. It cannot underwrite the security of the large nations.

Therefore, the job before us is to make of the United Nations what it most clearly must become—a world agency strong enough and responsible enough to get rid of the present world anarchy and replace it with workable world law.

No more difficult task has ever



N.C.

This snapshot of a Russian family was taken at circus in Sochi during a high-diving clown act. Sochi is a resort on the Black Sea coast.

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faced the human intelligence and human conscience. But what other hope is there? Is there hope that peace can be achieved through balance of power, or through nuclear stockpiles, or through muscular exercises of national sovereignty? Something beyond the nations is now necessary. It will have to be real. It will have to be universal. It will have to be just.

Therefore, let us demand what we properly need and rightly deserve. Let us ask for a revision conference of the United Nations. Let us ask for a fresh start. Let us ask for an end to competition in destructive capacity and a beginning of the finest competition the world has ever known. I refer to a competition between the Soviet Union and the United States in what each nation has to give the world's peoples—not just in tangible offerings but through the power of example.

This is the kind of competition that belongs to a great design and that can help to make our earth not only safe but fit for human life.

I address you now as fellow human beings in the human family, and not as the citizen of one nation confronting those of another. We have the gift of life. We have the faculty of reason. We are part of one another. We can have peace.

Some Marginal Notes on the Talk

THE INVITATION to visit the Soviet Union was issued more than a year ago under the terms of the cultural-exchange program. The organization that would be my host in the Soviet Union, I was told, would be the Union of Soviet Societies for Friendly and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries. I was unable to accept for the summer or fall of 1958. The invitation was renewed early this year, and the acceptance was made definite for June and July.

The invitation was of a general nature. I would travel around the Soviet Union, meet with people in fields in which I had a special interest, and give several talks on subjects of my own choosing.

In order to avoid later difficulties or embarrassment, I felt it necessary to call attention to a number of specific activities in which I had been engaged over the years. One such activity had to do with the "Peace Congress" meeting at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in 1949, at which I had attempted to distinguish between a true campaign for peace and propagandist activities designed to advance the interests of the Soviet Union. Another activity had to do with the protest over the Hungarian uprisings in 1956. Despite this, I was told that the invitation would stand.

I also felt it fair to make known in advance the nature of the talks I should like to give. One would be concerned with an appraisal of problems that had to be faced in any basic understanding or agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union. Another talk would attempt to present the dominant view of American critics on the Pasternak case. The third talk would be about the concept of the natural rights of man as reflected in the American War for Independence and in the drafting of the U. S. Constitution. I told the inviting organization it must have no hesitation to withdraw the invitation if it objected to my lecturing on these subjects.

It was two months before a reply was received. Then came a cable stating that the conditions I had attached to my trip were acceptable.

I arrived in Moscow on June 16. The first talk took place on June 25 before the Praesidium of the Soviet Peace Committee. It was held in the large conference room of the Committee's building. Members of the Praesidium sat at the long conference table. Observers or press representatives sat at the far side of the room.

Before the talk I was introduced to members of the Praesidium, including M. I. Kotov, General Secretary of the Praesidium; I. S. Glagolev, Learned Secretary of the Institute of World Economics and Politics; N. N. Zhukov-Verezhnikov, corresponding member of the Academy of Medical Sciences; Archbishop Nikodim of the Greek Orthodox Church; A. V. Karev, General Secretary of the All-Union Council of Baptists; N. S. Sergeeva, editor-in-chief of the *New Times Magazine;* M. V. Nesterov, chairman of the Soviet Chamber of Commerce; P. A. Vishnjakov, editor-in-chief of *Problems of Peace,* published in twelve languages; A. I. Lemin, professor of history; and Mme. Lydia Kislova, chief of the American section of the Union of Soviet Societies for Friendly and Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries.

I spoke through an interpreter. The audience was polite and attentive, except for several minutes during that part of my talk when I spoke about the American Communist Party and the situation in Central Europe. One of the Committee members started a brief flurry of disagreement, in which he was joined by two or three others. I stopped my talk for perhaps thirty seconds, the chairman called for order, and the talk was uninterrupted until it was completed.

The questioning following the talk was strong and pointed, but orderly and respectful. There was general resistance to the idea of a "structured peace," the feeling being that if the USA and USSR agreed to live peaceably with one another, nothing would be needed in the way of an authority that would have jurisdiction over nations in those matters concerned with a common security.

At this point I advanced the idea that it was unreasonable and perhaps even unhistorical to expect that any agreements other than enforceable ones could provide security to either nation. Therefore the essential question concerned the nature of enforceable agreements. This in turn pointed to world organization—hopefully the U.N.—as the structure within which enforcement procedures might best be worked out.

The general reaction to my reference to the American Communist Party was that what I said was irrelevant. What the American Communist Party did was a matter between itself and the American people; the Soviet Union was not responsible. I then stressed that it was precisely the evidence of the binding tie that created the problem in the first place.

There was not too much questioning about my references to Poland and Hungary, other than the general comment that the peoples of those countries enjoyed self-determination. I begged my auditors to consider that the peoples of those countries did not agree that they enjoyed self-determination, whatever the official statements might be to the contrary. In any event, I urged the questioners to visit Poland and Hungary in order to see for themselves. I repeated that my sole purpose in bringing up this matter was to put before them in complete good faith some facts I had been able to see for myself.

Considerable criticism of American foreign policy was reflected in the questions, especially in connection with public statements or testimony by American military leaders on the readiness of our military machine to destroy the Soviet Union. Other statements by Americans of a pre-

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ventive war nature were termed provocative and dangerous. If the United States really wants peace, the comment ran, why does it talk war?

I asked the audience to recognize that a different yardstick had to be applied to such statements from the yardsticks customary in the Soviet Union. In the Soviet Union, any military or political official who made a pronouncement on world affairs could properly be considered to be reflecting government policy. This was not necessarily true of the United States. An editorial in *Pravda* could be construed in an official light; not so an article or editorial in an American magazine. In any event, there were Americans, many of them, who did not hesitate to denounce loose and inflammatory talk of the kind that had been mentioned. Indeed, countless numbers of Americans, public and private, openly criticized various aspects of American foreign policy with which they disagreed. Without being disrespectful, I said, I thought it proper to point out that I knew of not a single instance in which government policy was publicly questioned or criticized in the Soviet Union. Was it not essential, I asked, for such criticism to be possible on both sides if the governments were going to arrive at a fair and reasonable basis for a peaceful relationship?

I said that my questioners were certainly within their rights in taking exception to the provocative reports they had just quoted. But were they not also aware that the United States Senate had passed a resolution calling for effective agreements to end nuclear testings. Also, was any American action on the question of peace more significant than President Eisenhower's prompt rebuke of Britain and France after the attack on Egypt three years ago and his insistence that we did not believe in two sets of laws—one for our friends, the other for our opponents?

A. V. Karev, the General Secretary of the All-Union Council of Baptists, said he completely accepted the sincerity of the speaker and believed that a program for peace was attainable on the basis of the exchange of ideas that had taken place. He said he didn't want the present occasion to pass, however, without giving voice to something that had been troubling him for many years. This was Mr. Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb on Hiroshima. He, Mr. Karev, was a Baptist. He knew that Mr. Truman was a Baptist. Mr. Karev said neither he nor his fellow Baptists in the Soviet Union could understand how a good Baptist like Harry Truman could drop an atomic bomb on human beings.

I replied that it was fair to say that Mr. Truman's decision to drop the bomb was not made as a Baptist but as a President. While a number of Americans openly criticized President Truman for having made that decision, they recognized that he had made it in the context of a war situation the very nature of which caused many religious precepts to be set aside.

Archbishop Nikodim then asked for the floor. He said he was certain from what I said that the speaker's desire for peace was as deep as his own or that of any one present. He said he felt that a number of important points had been raised that helped to clear the air for the major work of building a lasting peace. He asked that the speaker, when he returned to the United States, would carry a message from the religious community of the Soviet Union to the American people—a message that would stress the basic fact of brotherhood between both peoples. It was not necessary, he said, for either people to embrace the ideology of the other in order to have peace. All that was necessary was for both peoples to remember that the peaceful words of Jesus Christ applied to all men.

Mr. Kotov, the General Secretary of the Committee, asked if there was any specific way in which citizens in both countries might work together for the peace both nations needed.

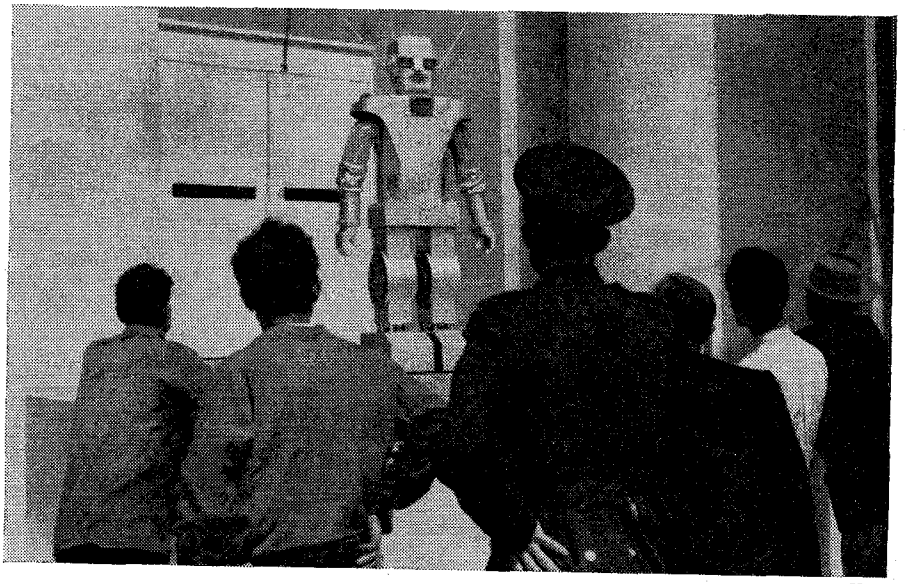
One thing we might do, I responded, was not only to make known our desire for peace but for each of us to prod his government to do those things that made for peace. Another thing we might do was to hold a conference of scientists and experts to consider some of the obstacles that had come up at the nuclear talks in Geneva and see whether, on a non-political basis, we might indicate some approaches to meaningful agreement on the technical questions. We could also come together in calling for the United Nations to be strengthened in order to deal effectively with problems of war and peace.

Mr. Kotov said he would like to pursue these suggestions with me further and the meeting ended.

Was the meeting a success? It was not a success in terms of reaching large numbers of people. The Soviet press, which was amply represented at the meeting, published nothing about the talk the next day. Moreover, the censor's office did not clear stories about the talk filed by foreign correspondents.

In terms of the direct exchange of ideas, however, I do not consider that the meeting was a failure. I had hoped to be able to convince some persons, however few, that not all critics of Soviet policy were warmongers; indeed, that it was necessary to construct a platform outside the give-and-take of power politics—a platform where the needs of all peoples rather than those of one or two nations can be taken into account. Finally, I wanted to test the proposition that there is a natural allegiance among men to a human society if the cause of that society is made real and visible.

In all these respects, I had no reason to be discouraged. For while the meeting itself may have yielded no striking results, in the days following the meeting individual members sought me out to discuss seriously and eagerly some of the viewpoints I had attempted to put before them. They were interested, responsive, constructive. I found this significant and rewarding. —N. C.



N.C.

One of the popular features of the USSR Exposition in Moscow was a robot in action. The Exposition was twice as large as the Brussels Fair.

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Fiction

Continued from page 23

Of the two lovers, Paul is the more successfully drawn. A weak, insecure person, he cannot meet the full responsibilities of a permanent relationship, and beats a tortured and humiliating retreat at the prospect of marriage. Lee is a less satisfying character. We know that she is a pleasant bedmate, but we know little else about her. Near the end of the book she says, "You don't know one-tenth of the complication of my life" —which, unfortunately, is as true for the reader as it is for Paul.

Much of the story's terrain is familiar: the bars and restaurants, the interlude at the beach, the irrelevant excursion to a homosexual night club. What is unfamiliar is the staid Madison Avenue men's store where Paul works as a salesman and where the lovers first meet. Within the store, we sample all the daily boredom, the fatigue, the hopelessness which is Paul's lot in life, and which, once understood, lends a distinct poignancy to his problems.

Mr. Loovis's style is unpretentious and pleasantly colloquial; it tends, though, to become too elliptical and, at times, even downright slovenly. One example should suffice: "She gestured with her head behind her." Slips like this too often mar an otherwise thoughtfully written book.

—WILLIAM WISE.

MAID OF OLD CHARLESTON: In **"Celia Garth"** (Crowell, $4.50) Gwen Bristow goes far to disprove the old adage that there is something good to be found in every book.

The noble and long-suffering seamstress, Celia Garth, is the Revolutionary War ancestress of Bessie, the sewing-machine girl, without the advantages in life that Singer was able to provide her descendant. Only the setting is different from Gwen Bristow's other novels—Charleston, where the British were being beastly to the Rebels during the Revolution—and there is not even that to distinguish "Celia Garth" from her literary predecessors. The characterizations are wooden to the point of caricature, the villains are right off the nineteenth-century stage, the evil relatives are stock characters from the comic strips, and the woman of the world, possessing the proverbial heart of gold, is the mother of our dashing hero who, aided by Celia, helps a shadowy Francis Marion run guerrilla operations against Tarlton's Dragoons.

One can imagine the crackling curses pouring forth upon the head of its author from the late Kenneth Roberts, who devoted his career to stomping out such saccharine historical romances about the Revolution.

—I. R. B.

PERIOD PIECE: Dorothy Norris Foote's first novel, **"The Constant Star"** (Scribners, $4.50), is a prithee-my-lord book. Mrs. Foote, faced with the problem of reproducing sixteenth-century talk without getting, on the one hand, too dirty, on the other, unintelligible, has failed to solve it. Her own prose is clear, and not pretentious; but her characters just won't keep quiet.

The story is simple enough and sound. Frances Walsingham was a daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, though her friends called *her* Frank. She married Sir Philip Sidney, "Phil," and later Robert Devereux, earl of Essex, "Robin." She loved them both.

This is logical, reasonably interesting, and—a minor point—true. But the characters ruin it. They make speeches. An example: When Frank has forced herself upon Phil, though she is only fifteen, they have a hell of a good time. (Silent movie captions leap to the mind while one reads this.) He turns to her, and what do you suppose he says: "Dear heart, that rare chalice of sacred wine that unites flesh and soul, we passed to each other tonight." To which she answers: "I know, Phil, I know!" Well, he does the right thing by her, and it turns out fine until he dies. However, she rallies, marrying Robin, another successful union, as he himself is the first and most fervent to proclaim: "Ah, Frank, you've brought me fulfillment! I have been nothing—now all is possible!" Yet, as we all know, he lost his head.

Even from this blow the Constant Star, though she reels, recovers; and with "Walt" Raleigh and "Charley" Blount and sundry other ill-wishers looking on she weds "Dick" de Burgh, Earl of Clanricarde. Fortunately Mrs. Foote does not go into this.

—DONALD BARR CHIDSEY.

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Horizons

Continued from page 13

fish," but no more than that. In "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters" and "Zooey" we felt that he was a man of unusual powers, but we saw him only from a distance. Now, in brief glimpses but in the most concrete way, Salinger makes us feel Seymour's brilliance, his high poetic gifts, and above all his capacity for love. "What was he, anyway?" Buddy asks. "A *saint*? Thankfully, it isn't my responsibility to answer that one." But that is exactly what Salinger is trying to create—a contemporary saint —and in the end he convinces me.

Salinger doesn't make things easy for his readers as he moves slowly along his chosen path, but I imagine that the devotees are still with him. The Glass saga can go on for a long time: Salinger intimates that he may do more with Seymour, and about Waker, Walt, and Boo Boo we so far know only enough to be sure we should be glad to know more. On the other hand, Salinger may grow tired of the Glasses, or may be led in a new direction by his constant experimentation with technique. For myself, I shall be glad if he moves away from Buddy's self-consciousness, but, whatever he writes, I look forward to reading it.

When we were discussing "The Catcher in the Rye" in class, there was one dissenting voice, one student who felt that Holden Caulfield's rebellion was too immature and ineffectual to be worth serious consideration. Most of the students loudly disagreed, and I went along with the majority. Holden is not rejecting maturity but is looking for a better model than his elders by and large present. Like the Glasses, though in a less ostentatious way, he is a seeker after wisdom. That Salinger can make the search for wisdom seem important to large numbers of young people is not exactly cause for alarm.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column 2 should read: 17, 9, 11, 20, 3, 10, 12, 15, 19, 4, 5, 13, 16, 8, 1, 7, 2, 18, 6, 14. Authors of books listed are: 1. Henry James, 2, William J. Locke, 3. Alexander Dumas, 4. Booth Tarkington, 5. Edward Eggleston, 6. Victor Hugo, 7. Liam O'Flaherty, 8. Margaret Deland, 9. William Dean Howells, 10. James Matthew Barrie, 11. John Fox, Jr., 12. Robert Louis Stevenson, 13. Thomas Hardy, 14. Joseph Conrad, 15. Anthony Hope, 16. Jack London, 17. James Fenimore Cooper, 18. Oliver Goldsmith, 19. Anthony Trollope, 20. Wilkie Collins.

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(Continued on page 32)

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(Continued from page 31)

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Sviatoslav Richter

Artur Rubinstein

By JAN HOLCMAN

THREE decades of repeated victories in international piano competitions have earned Soviet virtuosos a reputation for superlative standards. The Russian authorities themselves ascribed this success to wise governmental supervision and the creation of a novel performing style free from "bourgeois" influences and more consonant with the artistic demands of the modern age (as interpreted by Marxist philosophy). Be that as it may, the fact is that the ideological division between East and West extends to the world of the piano. Van Cliburn's sudden triumph in Moscow awakened us to the purely competitive aspects of this division at the keyboard. But its deeper significance lies in contrasting teaching methods, interpretative approaches, and the conditions governing the artists' lives in each society.

Russian pianistic achievements must be understood in the light of their historical and professional background rather than their ideological program. Resting essentially on a formidable Russian tradition dating back to Anton Rubinstein, Esipova and Safonov, Soviet pianism has undergone thirty years of productive experimentation aided by modern developments in art and science, including Stanislavski's researches in the theatre (stage-fright, for example) and Pavlov's in the laboratory (formation of manual habits, etc.). The primary contribution to Soviet piano pedagogy was made by two veteran pianists, the "romanticist" C. N. Igumnov and the "classicist" A. B. Goldenweisser. Their differing teaching techniques—elaborated for concrete and similar goals—are followed by the majority of Soviet teachers. But the Russians have also profited from the great Western traditions. Onto the Russian root and stem have been grafted selected shoots from Western keyboard art that further strengthened modern Soviet methodology. Thus the Soviets adapted ideas from Busoni, Hofmann, Leschetizki, and Breithaupt—who otherwise were open to reserved Soviet criticism.

Current Western trends also keenly interest the Russian musical scholar. While the West generally remains aloof from Soviet piano methods, the Soviets closely follow the West at the keyboard, at times giving the impression that New York is closer to Moscow than Moscow to New York. Every significant bit of material from the West finds its way to the library of the Soviet conservatory. There it is carefully studied by experts with the view to assimilating useful ideas. For instance, all notable 78s (of which a school like the Juilliard owns relatively few) are collected and copied at the Moscow Conservatory, where students and artists may listen to duplicates. It is no accident that on his American tour, Ashkenazy feverishly shopped for Rachmaninoffs, or that Goldenweisser conducted correspondence with Landowska, who gave him some stimulating suggestions for his second Beethoven edition.

SOVIET pianistic achievements depend not only on eclectic methodology but also on extraordinary attention to the gifted child. Some 500 schools have been built for beginners alone. Fledgling Soviet talent is quickly recognized, given competent instruction and the full benefit of a well-thought-out course, which advances gradually over a long period of time. Realizing that a defective foundation is the surest road to failure, the Soviets have worked out and standardized an exemplary preventive training program. Beginners hardly find an op-

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Kapell

Casadesus

Horowitz

portunity to develop harmful, stifling habits, encountered all too often in the West. Music with faulty fingering, poor harmony, and without a concrete instructive task—so abundant with us—is eliminated from the Soviet preparatory repertoire.

The high level of instruction is further insured through the pedagogical services of accomplished concert artists, including the greatest, who are expected to teach. Goldenweisser, founder of the first music school for children attached to the Moscow Conservatory, devoted a lifetime to teaching. His easy polyphonic collections are an excellent introduction to classics. His editions of the Mozart and Beethoven Sonatas, annotated with a symmetrical application, constitute a valuable pedagogic contribution. To advanced students Russia offers the foremost living expert on pianism, Grigory Kogan, who has introduced and developed the unique courses on history and theory of keyboard art. Finally, Soviet teaching owes its high level of efficiency to a systematic exchange of ideas and experiences at seasonal conferences. In America, we not only remain innocent of Soviet methodological advances, but we hardly even know what our own colleagues are doing. Here lies one of our major weaknesses.

Naturally, the philanthropic foundations could easily be of help in this matter but any suggestions along those lines have so far drawn only polite refusals. Facing such organized apathy, I decided to go ahead alone. Encouraged by extensive studies in European, Soviet, and American conservatories, I undertook detailed research of Soviet and non-Soviet piano art in its manifold aspects, examining the musical periodicals, books, and scores published in Russia during the last twenty years, and comparing Soviet and Western pianists in 1,260 separate recorded performances.

Twenty-three Soviet pianists were heard in a repertoire of 194 works. Their 201 Western "rivals" presented the identical repertoire in more than 1,000 renderings. The 800-odd records, LPs and 78s, covered twenty-five years of Soviet and fifty years of Western pianism. To take an extreme example, Chopin Etude Op. 10 No. 5 was analyzed in forty-four of the sixty-one recorded versions, including Cortot, Busoni, Friedman, Godowsky, Paderewski and Rosenthal. These old keyboard masters served as a paradigm of modern achievement. Altogether, the audio evidence comprised an average of five Western to one Soviet sample. This does not mean that Western artists were thus favored. *In the Sovet Union only the most outstanding performers are invited to record, while in the West anyone may record, even the mediocre pianist.* I therefore found it necessary to examine all Western versions in order to select our own pianistic elite.

MY SONIC investigation, which centered mainly on artistic conception, its continuity, expression and technical perfection, fully confirms the success of Soviet teaching methods. They have brought forth a galaxy of modern pianists whose interpretative and technical powers are not often matched in the West (of course, masters like Rachmaninoff and Hofmann still remain in a class by themselves). In my opinion, the most imposing Soviet pianists are Jacob Flier and Sviatoslav Richter, both now in their forties. In his recent releases, Richter reveals himself as an illuminative, contemplative, and evocative master of the Schumann palette. Despite questionable pedal-prolongations, his "Des Abends" (on Decca) is the most meaningful I know. In "Einsame Blumen" he offers unusual legatissimo effects, while his finger-precision in "Traumeswirren" surpasses even that of Horowitz. Particularly beautiful are those sections in which Richter applies his neat technique of two dynamic levels between voices or separate notes in chords ("Waldscenen"). As if stimulated by distinct registers of individual colors, the piece begins to live a double life. Richter's singing polydynamics bring back a long-neglected dimension associated with the art of the famed keyboard exponents of the past. Yet even in Richter's company a man like Hofmann or Rachmaninoff maintains a grander stature. From isolated declamatory statements to gradually developing climaxes, Rachmaninoff's concept is a product of highly personal mastery.

Echoes of these qualities resound in a few interpretations by Flier, Igumnov's foremost pupil. Some still remember his 1936 Vienna debut, where Flier won the first prize against Gilels and serious continental participants. In his unforgettable performances of Liszt's Sonata, "Mephisto Waltz," and Rachmaninoff Third Concerto, Flier exhibited an uncannily intimate acquaintance with the rules of intonation and culmination and a technical mastery unmatched by his most accomplished contemporaries. Often compared with Horowitz, he did indeed display many qualities of that brilliant virtuoso—and a few others besides. Failure to preserve Flier's finest creations reflects uncommon Soviet administrative shortsightedness, especially because of Flier's premature retirement from the concert stage.

Some of the other outstanding Soviet pianists and their specialties must be mentioned here:

Jakov Zak and the late Rosa Tamarkina remain unrivalled among Soviet Chopinists. Bella Davidovitch has introduced a few exquisite Chopin samples on French and Polish labels, and her reading of the F minor Con-

Gilels

Oborin

Flier

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certo may be preferred even to Ashkenazy's version. Some Mozart Sonatas and Liszt Rhapsodies have found a masterly interpreter in Grigory Ginsburg. Lev Oborin is heard at his best in Scriabin's Sonata-Fantasia. Gilels and Merzhanov offer the most authoritative readings of Prokofiev. Unfortunately, only isolated discs made during the flowering of Soviet pianism in the 1930s have ever reached the Western market. Incidentally, Russian authorities have made no effort to help me obtain a few old and important Soviet discs, although their coöperation would certainly be in their own interest. One also wonders why some of their best creations continually escape the dragnet of our recording companies.

For all their precision and background, Soviet pianists excel mainly in a limited repertoire dominated by Chopin, Liszt, and the Russian romantics and moderns (the classicists constitute only 15 per cent of their recorded repertoire); the West remains largely unequalled in Scarlatti, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms and Debussy, represented by masters like Hofmann, Rachmaninoff, "Baroque" Landowska and the leading exponent of French impressionists—Gieseking. Add to this list some recent virtuosos: Annie Fischer in Beethoven, for example, appears more convincing than her Soviet contemporary, Maria Grinberg; Fleisher more than Ashkenazy in the Brahms-Handel Variations and Lipatti has no less to say than Richter in the Schumann Concerto. A few young performers rank with the Russians even in the favored Soviet repertoire. Thus we may easily compare the West's Weissenberg to Moscow's Merzhanov in the Rachmaninoff Third Concerto; and in the Fourth, list Michelangeli before Zak. In the Khachaturian Concerto the late Kapell overshadows the prominent Soviet senior-virtuoso, Oborin. But these superb contemporary Western renditions are in the minority. In an over-all evaluation we must also consider the quantity of the quality. And during my listening sessions, I grew in the conviction that the Soviet leading virtuosos still dominate contemporary pianism. This general conclusion was strengthened when I compared pianists of similar styles and ages. Although a fully-synchronized analysis of this type was only possible in a limited number of cases, these cases amply revealed the pattern of striking similarities and divergencies of the two great pianistic schools. Their causes and import—as well as the darker aspects of art under the Soviets—are matters which I hope to elucidate in the concluding installment. For the present, I am submitting a list of comparative Soviet and Western recordings (another list will also be forthcoming), most of them available on LP. I like to think that the listener who makes the effort to sample these paired items, will not materially disagree with my judgments, especially if he will try, as I have, to separate preferences from observations. And I suspect that even the most fastidious will be delightfully stimulated by just about any of the superlative examples listed below, regardless of their provenance. In other words, the best pianists have amassed a wealth of artistic treasure across the keyboard from left to right.

(To Be Concluded)

A Comparison of Western and Soviet Piano Performances

(Part I—Recordings in which Western pianists match or surpass Soviet renditions.)*

SCARLATTI:	Sonatas	Casadesus, Col. 3 ML 4695
		Gilels, Bruno 14010; West. 18180
BEETHOVEN:	Sonata No. 3	Michelangeli, G.DB (HMV) 5442/4 (78)
		Gilels, CHS 1312
BEETHOVEN:	Sonata No. 8	Annie Fischer, Ang. 35569
		Kempff, Decca 9864
		Maria Grinberg (Soviet), CRLP 255
BEETHOVEN:	Concerto No. 4	Gieseking, Col. set M 411 (78)
		Schnabel, RCA Victor LCT 6700
		Gilels, Ang. 35511
BEETHOVEN:	Concerto No. 5	Gieseking, Col. set M 243 (78)
		Gilels, Ang. 35476
BRAHMS:	Concerto No. 2	Horowitz, Vic. LCT 1025
		Gilels, Vic. LM 2219
	or:	Serkin, Col. ML 5117
		Rubinstein, Vic. LM 1831
		Curzon, Lon. LL 850
	against:	Ashkenazy, Ang. 35569
BRAHMS-HANDEL:	Variations	Zaremba, Unic 1058
		Fleisher, Epic LC 3331
		Ashkenazy (still unreleased)
BRAHMS-PAGANINI:	Variations	Michelangeli, HMV QB LP 1044
		Petri, Col. set X 80 (78)
		Merzhanov, Monit. MC 2013
SCHUMANN:	Concerto	Lipatti, Col. ML 4525
		Richter, Monit. MC 2026
CHOPIN:	Ballade No. 1	Hofmann, Col. LM 4929
		Casadesus, Col. ML 4798
		Gilels, CRLP (Col) 256
CHOPIN:	Ballade No. 3	Arrau, Decca 8517; and espec. Prl 20443
		Oborin (Soviet), U.C. 24290
CHOPIN:	Ballade No. 4	Hofmann (still unreleased)
		Casadesus, Col. ML 4798
		Davidovitch (Soviet), Le Chant Du Monde 5038-9 (78)
LISZT (Paganini):	Campanella	Friedman, Col. 7141 M (78)
		Gilels, USSR 13232/3 (78)
		Merzhanov, Mon. MC 2012
TCHAIKOVSKY:	Concerto No. 1	Horowitz, Vict. LCT 1012
		Gilels, Regent 5055
		Richter, Supraphone LPV 242
	or:	Cliburn, Vict. LM 2252
	against:	Serebiakov, Westm. 18179
RACHMANINOFF:	Concerto No. 2	Anda, Ang. 35093
		Malinin (Soviet), Ang. 35396
	or:	Kapell, Vict. LM 1097
		(Rachmaninoff, Vict. LM 6123)
		Oborin, Colos. 10223
RACHMANINOFF:	Concerto No. 3	(Rachmaninoff, Vict. LM 6123)
		Gilels, Ang. 35230
	or:	Horowitz, Vict. LM 1178
		Merzhanov, Mon. MC 2012
	or:	Janis, Vict. LM 2237
		Cliburn, Vict. LM 2355
		Oborin, USSR D-03594-5
RACHMANINOFF:	Concerto No. 4	Michelangeli, Ang. 35567
		(Rachmaninoff, Vict. 6123 LM)
		Zak (Soviet), Westm. 18335
MOUSSORGSKY:	"Pictures . . ."	Horowitz, Vict. LVT 1023
		Malinin, Ang. 35317
SCRIABIN:	Etude B flat minor,	Weissenberg, Col. ML 2099
		Sofronitzky (Soviet), USSR 12438 (78)
KHACHATURIAN:	Concerto	Kapell, Vict. LM 1006
		Pinter, Urania 7086
		Oborin, Bruno 1400

**Part II in which the Soviet pianists surpass the Western pianists will appear in the next Recordings Issue.*

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Adventures with "MACO"

MONTELUCCO, ITALY.

A FEW years ago, when pocket-size transistor radios were new, a Magnavox of the species provided valuable if limited service on a European trip that extended into Scandinavia, where news of what was happening with President Eisenhower in Walter Reed Hospital was otherwise difficult to come by ("Year of the Transistor," *SR* July 28, 1956). It seemed an elementary principle then that a short-wave band could be added without too much difficulty to the basic medium-wave circuit, and the access to European broadcasting that much magnified.

Whether in response to that prompting or not, the cherished thing appeared in the American market a few months ago, and can—after a month's usage "in the field"—be unequivocally recommended to anyone going around the world who also wants to keep in touch with it. Of standard transistor size (about two and a half by five inches) it bears the trademark MACO, and is identified as a product of Matsushita Electrical Industries Co., Tokyo, and, of course "Made in Japan." There have been other items in the radio genre to arouse admiration for Japanese craft, but MACO is the most commendable to date.

Cleverly provided with a leather carrying case, whose shoulder strap affords an attachable scabbard for the collapsible wand antenna and also a tiny knapsack in which the auxiliary ear attachment is contained, it has been universally referred to by porters, customs officials, etc., as "your camera." It does, in fact, bear a strong resemblance to a Contax or other candid, with the difference that instead of taking in impressions, it gives them out.

First test for MACO was provided shortly after take-off, when our TWA plane was climbing to jet stream altitude. What it brought in of an NBC station in Boston as we traversed its beam up the New England coast for an hour or so was, in the adverse conditions, a promise of good things to come under better ones. The signal was strong, the tiny speaker productive of a voice quality to make words intelligible, with occasional bursts of music of fair audio standard.

As radio eavesdroppers on European bands are aware, English-language programs on the continent emanate from three regular, one occasional, source. The regular ones are, in order of broad availability to MACO, the European service of BBC, the AFN (American Forces Network) affiliated with the military, and the Voice of America. The occasional one, of course, is Radio Moscow, which can be immediately recognized—the wave lengths vary from morning to night, and one takes things as one finds them—by the super-cultivation of the English-speaking voices employed. They are even a bit more punctilious in pronunciation of the language than the British, and, of course, do not carry any of the colloquial quality of the two American services.

VIENNA's Hotel Bristol is not favored by locality for purposes of a pocket radio, but when listening time permitted, both the BBC and the Voice of America announced themselves in firm tones. When last in Vienna (1951), one could not find a radio for hire; but the imported MACO provided a day- and night-long access to the three Austrian services, which disclosed beyond doubt that the Viennese have an unlimited appetite for music, including Strauss waltzes played by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Robert Stolz has a well-chosen program of his own and other characteristic music twice a week, and there are sundry other diversions that prove that radio is still king in Vienna. Yes, there is television, but the average Viennese takes what he wants of it in his favorite café. Why invest money in something that may be utilized only a few hours a week, the reasoning runs; anyway, the Viennese spend so much time in cafés they may as well take their TV there, too.

Switching to London, the abundance of program material hardly gave MACO a test worthy of its steel (or aluminum). A ball game on AFN, cricket from BBC, or news on the hour from the "Voice of America" were routine chores. Thanks to the invaluable "Radio Times," which carries an extensive, hour by hour listing of programs from continental sources as well as complete documentation of British radio and TV schedules, part of one Sunday afternoon was enlivened by a taped broadcast of the Amsterdam Festival's "Tristan und Isolde" with Martha Mödl heading a cast conducted by Otto Klemperer. I may never hear more of Klemperer's "Tristan" than this much, but I can attest that his prelude to Act III is a work of art.

On to Zürich, and a continental listening post of high potential interest. It did not disappoint, in fair weather or foul, with all four English-language sources in abundant supply. The postponement of the Patterson-Johansson fight resolved the temptation of staying up until 3 A.M. to hear it direct from ringside via AFN, but an excited description in German, with comments by Max Schmelling rebroadcast the morning after the conflict, presaged the satisfying—to Europeans—outcome, even when the resolution was unintelligible due to a garbled transmission. Zürich also provided the observation that a cousin of MACO was available in the Swiss market. The model (bearing another trade name, but otherwise almost identical) sells there for 265 Swiss francs, or practical parity with the New York retail price of $63.50.

SO FAR, however, MACO has been most in its element atop Montelucco, some 2,500 feet above Spoleto, where the "quiet" of the Hotel del Matto has been enlivened, pre- and post-festival hours, with almost anything European radio affords. With the none-too-distant Alps as a natural relay, and its own unobstructed position overlooking valleys for miles and miles, BBC and the "Voice of America" are next-door neighbors—sometimes, unfortunately, clashing voices owing to what seems like an ill-considered proximity in the 8-metre band.

If MACO hardly ever disappoints, the "Voice of America" service does almost consistently. The unctious tone of the announcers, the self-serving choice of news items and their rather childishly bureaucratic bias, are hardly productive of the image I, as a taxpayer, would like the U.S. to present to English-speaking Europeans to whom it is beamed. Admittedly, it is not intended for casual listening by traveling Americans, but then, neither is AFN which, I am sure, has a much larger listening public than its expensive "You are listening to Washington" contemporary. With so much means available, it is downright tragic that the human utilization of them is so limited in imagination.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Newport Ho! The Folk Festival

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

As everyone who attended the first Annual Folk Festival at Newport, Rhode Island, on July 11 and 12, knows by now, folk music can come from almost anywhere, can be sung by almost anyone, can be heard in a wide number of styles marked by a dizzying variety of rhythmic patterns, and they sure did chase those British into the Gulf of Mexico. This latter piece of information occurs in a tantalizing piece of reconstructed Americana sung at the Festival by Jimmy Driftwood, its composer, and known (even outside Newport) as "The Battle of New Orleans."

Competing relentlessly with all rhythms established beneath the bright blue shed of Peabody Park, where the outdoor shindig was staged, was the mournful, pervasive call of the offshore fog buoy, which kept perfect time. A hardy, weatherbeaten, and enthusiastic audience strived, under a spell of fog and rain, to give its best in the way of response and attention to the sheltered artists performing beneath the canopy. For aside from a few off-limit tents, the performers' shed was the only place where anyone with the sense to do it could come in out of the elements.

Performers for Saturday night were, in order of appearance, Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry, the Kossoy Sisters, John Jacob Niles, Martha Schlamme, the New Lost City Ramblers, Memphis Slim, Alex Bradford and Gospel Group, Cynthia Gooding, Frank Warner, Odetta, and Pete Seeger.

There was no such thing as a consistent mood that was established early and maintained, with sedate peaks and low cushions, throughout the evening. Instead, there were slumps, swells, wallows, and heights. Probably the first height came during the early presentation, by John Jacob Niles, of "Little Mohee," "Go 'Way from My Window," "Black, Black Is the Color of My True Love's Hair," and "The Hangman and the Maid." Niles has sung publicly for fifty-one years, but many in this audience were hearing him for the first time, although they may have been familiar with his recordings. His singing voice is a male alto. And he accompanied himself on three stringed instruments of his own design and manufacture.

At this point in the history of our awareness of American folk music, Niles can be ranked as a peppery dean of singers who outdoes all others in combining an unreconstructed Kentucky individualism with a background of scholarship, musical training, and performing experience.

The New Lost City Ramblers may be said to represent one slice of this younger generation: Mike Seeger, who plays fiddle and autoharp, and works as sound engineer; Tom Pailey, who plays banjo and teaches math at the University of Maryland; and John Cohen, who plays guitar and is a free-lance photographer and artist. They have learned a lot of their music from recordings, and refer to records of the Twenties and Thirties, in explaining sources of certain selections.

The NLC Ramblers, who perform in sprightly, lively dance tempi, have also identified themselves in their playing with small bands playing "Blue-Grass" music in and around Washington, D.C., but hailing from the mountains.

Professor Alex Bradford and his Gospel Group from the Stone Temple, a Baptist Church in Chicago, did three gospel songs. Of these, the first ("Don't Let It Go") and last ("Up the King's Highway") were decidedly warm, well worked out performances, ably backed by a pianist who played a decidedly rhythmic piano. The group had worked out informal dance movements to accompany its song, and as religious choreography, its skyward pointings and determined marchings from right to left, front to back, in unison, might be said to challenge anything so far offered in this category. The audience was decidedly in favor.

Frank Warner, guitarist, banjoist, singer, and collector of folk song, provided some excellent moments, varying a peanut call from a Southern street with a vigorously masculine sea-shanty. The audience, by then deeply fog-bound but still within earshot of the mammoth p.a. system, came in with roaring response when he instructed "You got to hit it on 'Joe!'—that's when the rope moves." They moved it.

Odetta, a young Negro singer who performed to the accompaniment of her own guitar and a string bass player, Bill Lee, moved nearly every one with her intimate projections of the songs "Cotton Fields at Home," "Lonesome Rambler," "Joshua Fit the Battle of Jericho," and others. Her contralto voice is round and rich and we think capable of development, which will see her well established as an interpreter of song, folk or otherwise.

Pete Seeger took the final stint for the evening's presentation, and by then he was working against a deeper fog and a slightly restless audience. He sang a few topical songs, but his great performance of the evening turned out to be the mythical story of the giant "Abiyoyo," which—half-sung, spoken, chanted, and danced—turned out to be the thing that got everyone feeling that the evening had ended well.

For Sunday afternoon, the performers were: Seeger, New Lost City Ramblers, Tom Macham and Paddy Clancy, a group of New England Folk Dancers, Frank Hamilton, Billy Faier, and one or two others who had performed the night before. The first half of the afternoon dragged; it was a small audience, and the rain was intermittent.

THE Irishmen, Clancy and Macham, were fine, singing traditional ballads with considerable gusto and authority. Things livened up considerably with the appearance of Jimmy Driftwood, a high-school principal, ex-rambler, and inhabitant of the environs of Snowball, Arkansas. Driftwood played a guitar of uncertain shape and added to this choruses strummed on a handmade bow. Like Woody Guthrie, he makes up a good many of his own songs; one of them, the aforementioned "Battle," has established something of a record, we had learned that morning, by selling a million copies in four weeks. Thus do our folk and popular music strains merge and, sometimes, become indefinably indistinct.

Earl Scruggs is, to a current generation of folk-music performers and listeners, a virtuoso equivalent in stature to that of Louis Armstrong amongst jazz aficionados of a generation or so before.

Scruggs wound up the Sunday session appearing with a "Blue-Grass" group composed of fiddle, string bass, guitar, and Scruggs. The session, which drew thundering applause, was enhanced, toward the end, by appearance of a mime-buck dancer, billed as "The Little Darlin'," who was actually Charlie Elza of Harlan, Kentucky.

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Recordings in Review

HINDEMITH: *Concert Music for Strings and Brass, Opus 50. Symphony in B Flat for Concert Band (1951). Conducted by the composer.* Angel S 35489. $5.98.

FEW LIVING COMPOSERS can point to a more impressive number of recorded works than Hindemith, whose versatile talents not infrequently extend beyond the mere composing of a piece to active participation in its performance, either as the conductor or as a soloist for one of the several instruments on which he is adept. In the present instance he appears as the conductor of two works, separated by some twenty years but linked by the quality of individual conviction that characterizes his creative output. For although the Concert Music for Strings and Brass was written in 1930, when Hindemith was only thirty-five, it was the work of a composer already well oriented to his craft, and as one of several such pieces scored

Hindemith — "the performance makes a fine show of vitality."

for audacious instrumental combinations it reflects the search for new compositional values that already occupied his early maturity.

These emerge here in a first movement that is sharply divided into two contrasting sections, followed by a second movement in which a central slow section is enclosed by a fugato-like scherzo. Hindemith, having insisted in his score that the orchestra consist of "the strongest possible string quartet, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, and tuba," seems to have found his present Philharmonia forces appropriately hardy, for the performance makes a fine show of vitality, and the cleanly projected instrumental colors are clearly set forth by the luminous British stereo processing.

There is, however, considerably more meat to the Symphony for Concert Band, which, as a more mature work, shows expanded creative resources and a less self-conscious use of instrumental timbres. These are effectively brought out in a performance that Hindemith keeps fluid and clear cut, even in the fugal complexities of the finale. Stereo, plus the composer as conductor, gives this recording a considerable advantage, but it is closely pressed for performance honors by Mercury's discing, in which Frederick Fennell and the Eastman Symphonic Wind Players turn to with comparable perception and skill.

HANDEL: *"Judas Maccabaeus." Maurice Abravanel conducting the Utah Symphony and the University of Utah Chorus, with Martina Arroyo, soprano, Grace Bumbry, alto, John McCollum and Marvin Sorensen, tenors, Don Watts, bass.* Westminster WST 301. $17.95.

A 1952 PRESENTATION by substantially the same group stood for several years as this oratorio's only performance on records, under the former Handel Society label. Now, Abravanel and his able Salt Lake City forces have taken the occasion of the bicentennial of Handel's death to replace that earlier one with a new performance, brought out by Westminster in a six-side stereo version.

A worthy successor to the Utah group's 1958 discing of "Israel in Egypt," the present undertaking is both longer and more operatic, with solo arias and vocal duets carrying the dramatic thought, which in "Israel" Handel entrusted to the chorus. As in that work, however, "Judas Maccabaeus" also boasts quite a few numbers that Handel borrowed, either from his own works or those of others —the latter, presumably, on the not unjustified assumption that plenty of his own music would be "borrowed" in return.

Composed to celebrate the English defeat of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Scottish Highlanders, the work heaps fulsome praise upon the victorious Duke of Cumberland ("See the conquering hero comes . . . see the godlike youth advance") under the thin disguise of Judas Maccabaeus, the great Judean soldier who quashed the Seleucidan attempt to Hellenize the land of Judah. This sort of literary coyness was standard operating procedure in Handel's day, and the success of his sacred oratorio went far toward insuring the composer a comfortable old age. It was not the first time art has served the winning side with distinction.

Musically, the work contains, in addition to the characteristically superb choral writing, any number of attractive vocal settings for the five soloists, all of whom perform competently. The chorus is well-drilled, a highlight being the "Conquering hero" number sung in the sweet high voices of a children's choir, and the orchestra (augmented by Alexander Schreiner at the organ and Ardeen Watts at the harpsichord) fulfills its own role ably enough. Abravanel holds the various elements together carefully, and if the performance never quite takes fire, it is agreeably brought off. The recording is well balanced.

BRAHMS: *Sonatas for Violin and Piano (complete).* SCHUBERT: *Fantasie for Violin and Piano, Opus 159. Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Louis Kentner, piano.* Capitol GBR 7142. $9.95.

BRAHMS'S THREE VIOLIN sonatas are by no means unrepresented on discs, but usually only in the number that will conveniently fill both sides of a twelve-inch record—namely, two. Whichever two are chosen, the third nearly always has to go begging, since it would entail the cutting of only one side of a second disc, leaving the "flip side," as the popsters call it, to be filled by an unrelated work. When he stopped short of writing a fourth sonata, Brahms obviously was giving little thought to the problems of future recording companies.

Albums of the complete set being, in any case, few, Capitol's present release seems slanted not only to admirers of Brahms but to that still considerable body of listeners who relish the playing of Menuhin in whatever genre. The addition of Louis Kentner guarantees a collaboration that needs no odds for the keyboard side, and the long association of the two would seem to argue an artistic partnership of like facility and breadth. Unfortunately, despite Kentner's heroic effort to carry things off in style, the eloquence and skill of his piano portions are not met by an equal command of either bowing or intonation on the part of Menuhin. His playing sounds curiously rough and unappealing, the wiry tone and insecurity of pitch giving a false estimate of passages that once lay well within his compass.

These kinetic lapses also falsify a conception of the music that is essentially sound, and whatever their cause may be one cannot feel that they

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stem from indifference or lack of preparation.

Schubert's Fantasie (a congenial solution for the remaining side) finds Menuhin in somewhat better form, and the EMI (monaural) recording is first rate, but one will have to look further for a completely satisfactory release of the three Brahms sonatas. Columbia's previous single disc recordings of Isaac Stern and Alexander Zakin have now been reissued in a stereo version complete in one album, and Vanguard has accomplished the improbable feat of inscribing all three sonatas on a single disc. This is a monaural version, with some failure in the outer frequencies, but there is much to be said for the fine performance of Eudice Shapiro and Ralph Berkowitz.

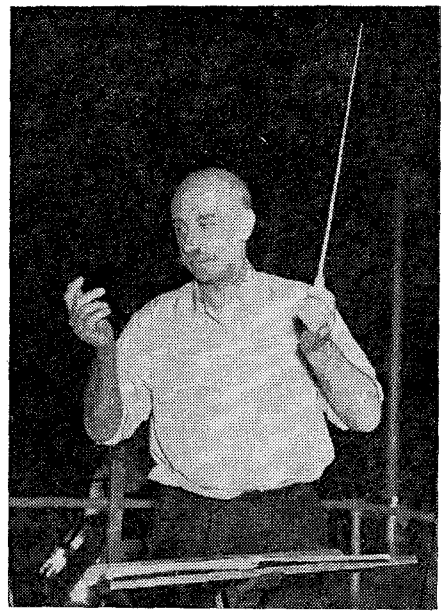
SHOSTAKOVICH: *Symphony No. 6. Sir Adrian Boult conducting the London Philharmonic Orchestra.* Everest SDBR 3007. $5.98.

WITH THE RETIREMENT of Columbia's release of this symphony, recorded with Reiner and the Pittsburgh Symphony back in the pioneer days of LP, the Shostakovich Sixth has for some time gone unrepresented on discs—hence the present release by Everest not only restores it to the catalogue but makes handsome amends for the interim neglect by fitting it out in the full tonal spectrum of stereo.

Of the eleven symphonies that Shostakovich has thus far composed, few have enjoyed a wholly unmixed reception in this country, and this quite apart from any implicit ideological bias—which, in any case, ought to play no part in musical considerations. The pattern, one might almost call it by now the Shostakovich format, of an oppressively long first movement followed by much bombastic ado, has left at least one sympathetically disposed listener unreconciled to their journalistic excesses and disdain of formal equilibrium.

The Sixth, standing midway of his symphonic output, partakes of all the familiar characteristics, but strikes an agreeable balance between the satirical nose-thumbing of his youthful pieces and the curious extravagances of his later ones.

Sir Adrian conducts the first movement with excellent feeling for its lyrical, brooding character, neither rushing it nor allowing its sometimes frail, pastoral measures to become flaccid. The fleeting, brilliantly orchestrated scherzo is vigorously propelled, its instrumental timbres sounding boldly but without stridency in a recording that faithfully registers the tonal values. The racy last movement, punctuated with satirical rhythmic and tonal touches, winds up in a big razzle-dazzle of sound that might easily become sheer noise, but both Boult and the engineers have taken pains not to compound this, the first by keeping the musical stresses explicit and unexaggerated, the latter by a recording that is unusually free from audible distortion.



Sir Adrian Boult—"conducts the first movement with excellent feeling."

BACH: *Suites for Unaccompanied Cello (Complete). Antonio Janigro, cello.* Westminster XWN 3312. $14.95.

JANIGRO'S RECORDINGS of these suites a few years ago were the first to make the complete set available on LP, albeit only on single discs. Now, conveniently gathered into a single album, the six works emerge with their homogeneity of style and spirit made even more apparent by being projected from the sustained viewpoint of a single performer. It requires considerable confidence in his own powers for a cellist to undertake a task inviting such inevitable comparison as the recording of pieces so indelibly stamped with the towering mastery of Pablo Casals, but Bach's music, like all art, is protean enough to project its own particular truth through more than one temperament; among Janigro's credentials can be numbered a technical command of formidable scope, along with a musical intellect of wide and searching powers.

Although, save for the preludes, the entire set is made up of dance movements, these offer abundant opportunity for the imaginative performer to exploit the color and expressive range of the cello, and it is by this yardstick that Janigro's playing, for all its scrupulous fingerwork, falls occasionally short of the mark. One feels this, curiously enough, in the blither movements, which he performs with a kind of sober correctness, as if anything more frivolous would be an act of lèse majesté. Recalling the sunny gaiety, even joy, that Casals infuses into these (e.g., the Gigues of the first and third suites, or the first Bourrée of the E flat), one could wish for a similar breadth of temperament in Janigro's playing of them. He better understands the Courante of No. 2, which is rapid but with no undertone of humor, and he is at his best in the slower movements, beautifully projecting the nobility of the preludes, the grave dignity of the minuets, or the serenity and tenderness of the C major's Sarabande.

Recording sound is quite good, although it seems to lend Janigro's cello a slight dryness of tone, particularly noticeable in the Fifth Suite because of its unusual stress on the upper strings.

CHABRIER: *España Rapsodie.* KHACHATURIAN: *Sabre Dance, others: "Music for Frustrated Conductors (Baton included). Conducted by Arthur Fiedler, Morton Gould, Robert Russell Bennett . . . and You."* RCA Victor LSC 2325. $5.98.

POPULAR OPINION to the contrary, not all players in a symphony orchestra nurse a burning desire to wrest the baton from the conductor's fist and start beating time as they feel it ought to go. Nor does every concert listener secretly yearn to spring nimbly up to the podium and make the music pour forth with the command of a maestro. But of this negligible minority we do not speak here. Our concern is with people such as you and me—brilliant, lovable folk with a frustrated urge to conduct whatever piece of music we happen to hear. It is for such as us (annotator Deems Taylor estimates our number at about 4,000,000) that RCA Victor has now come up with a musical do-it-yourself kit, designed to let us indulge this hankering by whacking the air imperiously with the classic birch baton.

This trig little twig comes neatly tucked into the album, and the manner in which these rhythmic rites are performed is explained in simple terms by Taylor, aided by illustrative diagrams. The musical material runs an instructively wide gamut, although, as Taylor points out, we can do nothing to change the readings already pre-fabricated for us by Arthur Fiedler, Morton Gould and Robert Russell Bennett. The most we can do is to beat time, following their lead and hoping that we come out even.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concertos Nos. 1 and 2. Emil Gilels, piano, with Andre Vandernoot conducting the Orchestre de la Societé des Concerts du Conservatoire. Angel 35672. $4.98.	In both of these concerti Gilels's approach is direct, concise and robust, with no implied apologies to Mozart. His emphasis is on the youthful, buoyant Beethoven who is fully aware of his genius for extending the classical form and initiating new musical ideas, as in the cadenza of the B flat major. Technically, Gilels's playing is crisp and clean, dynamically wide as to touch and tone. Support by conductor and orchestra is first rate, and sound is up to Angel's high standard.
Beethoven: Symphony No. 7. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburgh Symphony. Capitol SP 8398. $5.98. The same, plus "Coriolan" overture. Karl Böhm conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Deutsche Grammophon. DGS 712005. $5.98.	Of the two performances, Steinberg's has the edge in matters of clarity, integration, and a more evenly balanced stereo recording. As for conception, the choice largely depends on how you like your Beethoven. Böhm's grandiloquent statement is heavily weighted with dramatic overtones, leaning more to the literary connotations associated with the Seventh Symphony, while Steinberg relies more directly on an overall musical logic and more congruous rhythmic patterns. The Pittsburgh orchestra also has a brighter texture and warmer tone than the Berlin ensemble. Neither, however, is a match for the Toscanini version (RCA LM 1756), despite its earlier processing.
Debussy: "Images for Orchestra." Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony. RCA Victor LSC 2282. $5.98. D. E. Inghelbrecht conducting the Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française in Nos. 1 and 2 of "Images," plus "Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans" and "Trois Ballades de François Villon." Angel 35678. $4.98.	Munch takes full advantage of stereo's expanded focus to exploit the Boston Symphony's potential for coloristic effects, but without denying the music its subtle interplay of inner voices. He makes the most of these in the "Iberia," which is richer in both elements than are the "Gigues" and "Rondes de Printemps." In the Inghelbrecht performance, dynamic contrasts are less marked, the tendency being toward a blending of orchestral choirs rather than a delineation of them. Of the two works for voice and orchestra the "Trois Ballades de François Villon" is the more substantial, providing better opportunity for baritone Bernard Plantey's talents than do the "Trois Chansons de Charles d'Orléans" for contralto Freda Betty. Good sound.
Delibes: "Sylvia," complete ballet. Anatole Fistoulari conducting the London Symphony. Mercury SR 2-9006. $5.95.	Fistoulari's tempi are somewhat on the slow side, but he compensates for this by an occasional brilliant climax that recaptures lagging attention. It is debatable whether such deliberate pacing would generate sufficient tension for dancing, particularly in the slower sections. Despite these ambiguities of performance, however, the score is a reminder of the simple charms of Delibes's music which we are apt to forget in the pursuit of more sophisticated musical fare. The excellence of the stereo sound is a powerful argument for the new medium.
Dvořák: Symphony No. 5 ("From the New World"). Smetana: "The Moldau." Herbert Von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic. Angel 35615. $4.98.	Karajan's good sense of proportion and firm control of the orchestra give this performance a flowing style that is curiously deceptive, seeming to stem not so much from any real lyrical feeling for the score as from his expert handling of it. There are other recordings of this symphony less well tailored which manage to capture the spirit of Dvořák more convincingly (Reiner's and Talich's, for example). The Berlin Philharmonic sounds better here than under most other conductors with whom it has recorded. Engineering is top quality.
Haydn: Concerto for Flute and String Orchestra in D. Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra in C. Hans Stadlmair conducting the Munich Chamber Orchestra, with Kurt Redel, flute, Kurt Kalmus, oboe. Deutsche Grammophon DGS 712001. $5.98.	Whether Haydn, or a Haydn by any other name (Hofmann?) was the real composer of them, these concerti for, respectively, flute and oboe follow simple classical patterns with a graciousness of melodic line that easily justifies their being heard. Unpretentious and genial, they make for uncommonly pleasant listening, which is probably exactly the purpose their composer had in mind. Flutist Kurt Redel, oboist Kurt Kalmus, and the orchestra under Hans Stadlmair all sound as if they enjoyed performing them. Stereo sound is live and evenly balanced.
Hindemith: "Mathis der Mahler." Bartók: Divertimento for String Orchestra. Constantin Silvestri conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S-35643. $5.98.	This first stereo edition of the Hindemith is notable only for its extended tonal values, adding no fresh musical insight to the score itself. Outer movements are played with the stress on dramatic elements, often leaving development sections fending for themselves, and the middle movement is rather more plodding than elegiac. For musical values the composer's own statement or that of Steinberg is preferable, even though they lack the opulence of stereo. Except for the last movement the same objections hold true for the Bartók.
Mozart: Symphony No. 36 in C major, K. 425 ("Linz"). Symphony No. 29 in A major, K. 201. Bruno Walter conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Columbia ML 5375. $4.98.	Walter's scholarly imprint is apparent in the clearly drawn musical outline, firm command of orchestral dynamics, and orderly progress of both symphonies. His beat is less brisk than one is accustomed to, and there is a slight tendency to romanticize the slow movements, particularly in the C major symphony. Otherwise this is well styled Mozart, beautifully performed by a recording orchestra whose credits, for some reason, have been left off the album jacket. Fine monaural reproduction.
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 5. Howard Mitchell conducting the National Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2261. $5.98.	It is questionable whether this stereo version is an improvement over the earlier monaural release, sonically or performancewise. Neither advances the cause for one of this composer's better symphonies. Unevenness in weight between the movements has a disjunctive effect, leaving a sense of having listened to a series of pieces rather than to a single work. Mitchell also has trouble keeping the various choirs together in some of the more rapid passages.
Strauss: "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" Suite. Waltz scene from "Intermezzo." Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel S 35646. $5.98.	Excellent sound, refined musicianship, and skillful performance make this one of the most successful recordings of a suite that can easily be dull in less competent hands. Sawallisch marshals his forces with a light and assured baton, extracting a blend of satire and sophistication from the score that makes for unusually pleasureable listening. The crack Philharmonia ensemble is in top form, admirably displaying the virtuosity of its woodwind and brass sections.
Wagner: "Dawn" and "Siegfried's Rhine Journey," "Siegfried Idyll," Prelude to "Parsifal," Prelude to Act III of "Tristan und Isolde." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony. Mercury SR 90107. $5.95.	Paray's treatment is lighter than most of the "specialists," who like to fling the showier elements of these excerpts around with a lavish hand. His approach is more lyrical, depending rather on delineation of melodic line than on dynamic weight, and his insistence on each choir "sounding" is reminiscent of Toscanini. There are moments of sonority in brass passages (always troublesome in Wagner) that exhibit a bloom not often attained. Mercury engineers have produced the kind of sound that rivals the quality of its stereo tapes.
Ziehrer, Gungl, Lehar, others: "Viennese Dances," vol. 2. Henry Krips conducting the Philharmonia Promenade Orchestra. Angel S 35665. $5.98.	These dances are ample proof that the Strausses in their day did not have a monopoly on the Viennese waltz; to judge by the composers represented herein, talent in this genre was plentiful. To the growing list of able interpreters of the Viennese manner Krips must be added for his smooth guidance of an equally smooth orchestra, whose performance lifts these pieces considerably above the "beer and pretzels" school. Superior stereo. —IRVING LOEWENTHAL.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Menotti, and Some Other Opera Composers

SPOLETO, ITALY.

AS A waypoint on the Via Flaminia from Rome to Perugia, Spoleto has few qualities to distinguish it from other towns occupying hillsides in the Umbrian region—save, perhaps, that a good deal of traffic goes through it as well as around it. Or, one should say, up and down it, for geography makes speedsters of cyclists going down the Corso Mazzini, sluggards of motorists going up. One of the numerous turns in the narrow winding road carries them past a yellowing structure with arched porticos which, more than anything else, is responsible for Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Festival dei Due Mondi" being in Spoleto.

This is the "Teatro nuovo" (local terminology for a structure built in 1864), whose pleasant interior and attractive facilities have seen the debuts, in days past, of such singers as Tito Schipa (1911), Carlo Galeffi (1913), Mario del Monaco (1942) and Giuseppe Taddei (1942). Without it, there is little likelihood that the "Festival of Two Worlds" (involving what might be called the three sexes) would be centered in this particular place. For the town is little suited to the purpose otherwise, with few sources of palatable food and the choice, for resident visitors, of a hotel at the bottom of the Corso or another perched on nearby Montelucco, which calls for a drive up, up, up to its 800 metres (nearly 3,000 feet) height.

It is understandable that composer-librettist-impresario Menotti should have an interest in the works of well-known composers that have not won a place in the repertory—"lessons of history" and all that. The two he has chosen for this season have appeal to persons other than those who have, for queer reasons of their own, become camp-followers of this peculiar art: Donizetti's "Il Duca d'Alba" and Prokofiev's "Angel of Fire." Taken together they make a shrewd appeal not only to novelty seekers but also to the music minded.

The case of "Il Duca d'Alba" may be stated thus: if you have seen Verdi's "Vespri Siciliani" you are acquainted with its plot: and if you have heard "Lucia," "Favorita," or "Anna Bolena," you are acquainted—up to a point—with the kind of ensembles that make up the most distinguished portions of the score. The explanation is, of course, that the work was not performed at the Paris Opera, for which it was written in 1843: and its librettist, the appropriately named Eugene Scribe, did not scruple to reuse the plot when Verdi was asked to write a work for the same theatre a decade later.

Even with a limited knowledge of Verdi's score, one may be sure there is more character development than there is in Donizetti's (there could hardly be less). Beautiful pages follow each other through the four rather brief acts with a chain of ensembles to remind us that the masterbuilder of the "Lucia" sextet was also its architect. Aside from "Spirito gentil" (better-known from Donizetti's use of it in the same year's "Favorita"), the arias are not of the quality to bear rehearing, especially as the tenor (called Marcelle de Bruges) and the soprano (Amelia d'Egmont) are too true to the stereotypes of Italian operatic convention to make their part in the historic conflict of Spaniards and Belgians seriously convincing.

Indeed, the matter of most historic moment was the production itself, said to have been made by Parravacini for a Roman project of 1882. Lovingly restored and mated with suitable costuming by Filippo Sanjust, the ornately realistic settings gave the production of Luchino Visconti a period flavor it might have otherwise lacked. As one previously unacquainted with Visconti's work, it did not strike me that he had the scope in which to validate his reputation in this field. On the contrary, there was an ordinate amount of lunging and airsawing.

However, the success of such a work depends in the last analysis on the musical execution, and this one was variously favored. Much of Spoleto, and all of "Il Duca," reflect a youth movement typified by the musical direction of Thomas Schippers. It was another instance, to paraphrase Shaw, of youth being wasted on the young, for the good vocal strength of the individual performers was not mated with the experience or skill to make the most of them. As a result one admired the lyric quality of twenty-nine-year-old Renato Cioni's tenor rather than his treatment of the Donizetti line, likewise the strength rather than finesse of Luigi Quilico (a Metropolitan Auditions' winner as Louis Quilico) who sang the Duke, and Ivana Tosini, the Amelia.

CONVERSELY, Prokofiev's "Angel of Fire" had two excellent and mature singers in the leading roles (Rolando Panerai and Leyla Gencer), though what it really demanded was a more knowing performance of the orchestral score than was possible for the Orchestra Filarmonica of Trieste as directed by Istvan Kertesz. A work of some magnitude, which has been slowly acquiring esteem since it was found in the cellar of a Parisian publisher, postwar, it needs an all-out brilliant interpretation to establish the range of Prokofiev's response (1925) to the eerie, spell-haunted libretto of a woman who believes herself the beloved of an archangel in human form but is, in the end, convicted of carnal relations with the Devil.

So far as voice and acting are concerned, Panerai as Renato and Mme. Gencer as Renata could be the nucleus of such a production, for each has strong qualities that should be better known in America. Gencer, who had the more difficult task of being repulsively attractive, also sang with a steadiness of sound and a sureness of pitch which should make her welcome in any opera house. As all Italy knows, Panerai is both able and musically intelligent. Like Schippers, Kertesz is energetic and well-meaning, but I didn't hear the sure sense of detail to balance voices and orchestra as Prokofiev's scheme requires.

By the use of a single atmospheric background, before which cut-out unit sets were rolled into position, Paul Sylbert's scenic concept produced a strong sense of atmosphere. Given the proscenium as a frame, each of the tableaux had the effect of a picture well displayed. Work of this standard all along the line would give Spoleto a reputation for quality it does not yet possess.

What it already does possess is a reputation for being the happy hunting ground of the "boys" who have previously made the ballet their particular, bloodless passion. On-the-spot observation validated the reputation, which may serve to keep away as many as it attracts. I do not deny anyone the privilege of gathering where they will, but I find distasteful the preciosity and the prejudices that this group brings with it. Perhaps the solution would be for "open" and "closed" performances, with the former set aside for what used to be innocently called a "mixed" audience, but now has a significance unthought of previously. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: Magnificat in D. Cantata No. 50. Felix Prohaska conducting the Choir and Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, and soloists. Vanguard-Bach Guild BGS 5005. $5.95.	Prohaska maintains fine balance and tension among his varied forces, keeping the intricate counterpoint flowing briskly with a good feeling for style and dynamic contrast. The Vienna choir and orchestra are musically compatible, and save for a few rough woodwind and brass climaxes the players serve him admirably. Soloists (Mimi Coertse and Margaret Sjostedt, sopranos, Hilde Rössl-Majdan, alto, Anton Dermota, tenor, Frederick Guthrie, bass) also perform capably. The cantata ("Nun ist das Heil") rounds out the disc in fine propulsive fashion. Adequate stereo sound.
Bach: C minor Toccata, Italian Concerto, Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D minor, Concerto No. 3 in D minor. Paul Badura-Skoda, piano. Westminster XWN 18855. $4.98.	Badura-Skoda's attempt to approximate the sound of the keyboard instruments used in Bach's day merely robs the piano of its natural sonority without achieving the cool sparkle characteristic of the earlier instruments. His playing, moreover, emerges stilted and wooden; all the notes are there, given their precise weight and value, but they have little vitality or conviction. Neither does he probe much deeper than the sheer mechanics of the score indicate. Not the best recording sound.
Brahms: Lieder. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone. Deutsche-Grammophon DGS 712007. $5.98.	To those who feel that lieder singing would lend itself less easily to caricature if the art underwent some refining, this album should appear as welcome affirmation. Fischer-Dieskau, singing these eighteen songs with greater vocal finesse and less guttural diction than many of his colleagues, here ably champions such a view. That the literary sentiments are scarcely up to the music in quality may partly explain his apparent concern with vocal over interpretative values. Demus's good keyboard support and the fine stereo sound are contributing virtues.
Busoni: Fantasia Contrappuntistica. Bach-Busoni: Chorales. Bach-Petri: Chorales, others. Egon Petri, piano. Westminster XWN 18844. $4.98.	Petri thoroughly realizes the dramatic possibilities of the Busoni tour de force, with broad washes of sound suggesting the orchestra in the music's bravura passages and the organ in its intricate treatment of fugal themes. In the Bach transcriptions, as well as one of Buxtehude, Petri further explores the piano's expressive gamut, enlivening the contrapuntal inventions with considerable technical facility and musical insight. Good recording sound.
Brahms: Lullaby. Dvořák: "Songs My Mother Taught Me," others: "Songs of Enchantment." Salli Terri, soprano. Capitol SP 8482. $5.98.	A pleasant collection of folk melodies and familiar songs in like vein by serious composers (e.g. Moussorgsky, Humperdinck) are here proffered with informality, taste, and top rate stereo sound. Miss Terri, accompanied by supporting soloists, chorus and orchestra, sings everything in an easy, straightforward way, slanting the humorous numbers broadly for a homespun effect. Arrangements by herself and Almeida are interesting, but the shifting of solo parts from left to center to right proves little beyond the fact that the listener's stereo rig has good (or bad) separation.
Fauré: First Piano Quartet. Martinu: First Piano Quartet (1942). Alexander Schneider, violin; Milton Katims, viola; Frank Miller, cello; Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano. Columbia ML 5343. $4.98.	As would be expected of these accomplished musicians, their quartet playing is distinguished by excellent ensemble work, close rapport in matters musical, and a high order of virtuosity. Their style of playing, however, is better suited to the broad melodic character and propulsive rhythmic drive of the Martinu than to the songful, flowing line of the Fauré, which is less convincingly performed. The slow movement of the Fauré particularly reflects this. Good monaural recording.
Gould: Concertette for Viola and Band. Emanuel Vardi, viola, with Arthur Winograd conducting the MGM Orchestra. Colgrass: Variations for Four Drums and Viola. Emanuel Vardi, viola, Michael Colgrass, percussion. MGM E 3714. $3.98.	There are some interesting pages in the Gould piece and a few noteworthy rhythmical treatments of thematic material, but scarcely enough of these to sustain the Concertette's length. Neither is there sufficient originality in the scoring to lift it above the level of derivative music. The Colgrass variations, however, possess these qualifications in greater degree and provide a better vehicle for Vardi's talent. They also suggest a choreographic suitability or background for the spoken word. Well modulated monaural recording, and excellent performances.
Isaak, others: German Songs of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. Hughes Cuénod, tenor, Hermann Leeb, lute. Westminster XWN 18848. $4.98.	These examples of German songs, spanning four centuries, encompass so wide a variety of musical and literary styles that an artist of uncommon musicianship is needed to project their essence and the style of their epoch. No one would expect perfection in so challenging a task, but one would hope first of all that a singer have a voice of greater flexibility and range than Cuénod displays here. Nor is he more successful in differentiating between the various schools represented. Recording is scarcely up to current standards.
Schubert: Mass in E flat. Rudolph Moralt conducting the Vienna Symphony, Akademie Kammerchor, and soloists. Lyrichord LL 76. $4.98.	From the opening restless Kyrie to the deeply personal utterance of the Agnus Dei a quality of dedication permeates this version, due largely to Moralt's assured and capable balancing of vocal and instrumental elements. Moreover, he gives full measure to the work's changes of mood from impassioned fervor to tranquil prayer without becoming theatrical. When one considers that the forces at his disposal are not especially outstanding, his success is all the more creditable. Recording is live and spacious.
Schubert: Fantasia in C ("Wanderer"), Three Posthumous Pieces. Claudio Arrau, piano. Angel 35637. $4.98.	Arrau's recording history is curiously uneven. Some of his disced performances qualify as virtuoso while others fall short of the required mark, as does this uncommunicative version of the "Wanderer" and the posthumous "Impromptus." His hard driven fortes have no resonance, pianissimos are blurred in outline and what little tone emerges is dull and inexpressive. How much of this may be due to faulty engineering or an unresponsive piano is hard to judge, but by today's high technical standards the result is unsatisfactory Schubert.
Te Deum. Great Vespers (Russian Orthodox). Cathedral Choir of the Holy Virgin Protection Cathedral of New York City, directed by Nicholas Afonsky. Westminster XWN 18816. $4.98.	An impressive recording debut by this well trained choir known for their appearances in concert on the East Coast as well as for their regular duties at the Cathedral. The two services presented are for the most part traditional, except for several chorales by various Russian composers. Afonsky conducts the choir through both services with a thorough grasp of the music's polyphonic character. Solo leading reveals some excellent singers who deserve credit which the liner notes omit. Good monaural recording.
Telemann: "Don Quichotte," Ouverture Suite in C, "Musique de Table" Suite. Newell Jenkins conducting the Milan Chamber Orchestra. Washington WR 403. $4.98.	A fine example of the Baroque period, containing some of Telemann's best writing. The "Don Quichotte" is given a spirited performance appropriate to its satire and bucolic wit, and the Ouverture Suite moves brightly and swiftly. The "Musique de Table" Suite is rich in musical ideas of deft originality and color, which Jenkins makes the most of with the skillful Milan group. Recording balance is not sufficiently uniform to achieve full stereo dimensions (it was among the first stereo recordings made in Italy), but the quality of sound is satisfactory. —I. L.

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Strings, Winds, Voices

ORFF: *Carmina Burana. Virginia Babilian, soprano; Guy Gardner, baritone; Clyde Hager, tenor; with Leopold Stokowski conducting the Houston Symphony Orchestra and Choruses.* Capitol Stereo SPAR 8470, $5.98.

THE FIRST NEW YORK performance of Carmina Burana, in a concert sponsored by the Contemporary Music Society in 1954, resulted in its winning the New York Music Critics' Circle award as the finest choral work of the season. The remarkable fact was that the performance was not given by a professional orchestra and chorus, but by the students of Boston University. Stokowski had somehow trained and inspired this group to do what one expects only of highly professional ensembles.

Carmina Burana, at that time, was new to the concert public. Its first American performance had been given in San Francisco a short time before. The record collectors had discovered Orff a bit earlier, but the name was still a relatively unknown one. Orff's fame today rests largely on this work. It is part of a triptych of "scenic cantatas," consisting of "Catulli Carmina," "Trionfo di Afrodite," and "Carmina Burana." The texts are taken from medieval Latin, French, and German poems found in the Benediktbauern Monastery in Bavaria. In 1874, a collection of these ancient poems or "Carmina," as they were called, was published, and from this source Orff assembled twenty-four and set them to music.

Orff's music is not complicated. He uses the simplest triadic combination, but he builds tension and climaxes by insistent repetition and sheer propulsion. With what appear to be simple elements, Orff achieves overwhelming effects. In concert, Stokowski has achieved magnificent performances of this work, and Capitol has transferred one such most successfully. The Houston Symphony and Chorale, augmented by the Boys' Choir, make a stunning sound. Any shortcomings are minor. The soloists sing valiantly and well, too. It is Stokowski who fuses all into undiminished freshness. The sound is ample and big and in stereo one hears the huge forces as they should sound. Previous recordings seem compressed compared to this one.

Capitol also has provided interesting program notes by the informative James Lyons, an introduction by Stokowski, and the original text with slightly chastened translations.

VILLA-LOBOS: *Bachianas Brasileiras No. 4; Bachianas Brasileiras No. 7. Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française, conducted by Heitor Villa-Lobos.* Angel 35674, $4.98.

THE BACHIANAS BRASILEIRAS and the reference to Villa-Lobos's devotion to Bach as the origin of these many works have been endlessly repeated. In the liner notes, Marcel-Marnat ventures the theory that the "word 'Bachianas' conceals a 'Bacchus,' and this play on words reveals their essence and the spirit in which we receive these works." Such an allusion is not an unwelcome one, for the Bacchus-like qualities are often more germane than the relation to the great Johann

Sebastian. In this light they may seem less anachronistic.

The fourth of these, parts of which go back to 1930 and 1935, was originally written for the piano and published in 1941; it has been recorded by Menahem Pressler in this form for M-G-M. While revising it several years later, Villa-Lobos decided to make an orchestral version, which appeared finally in 1953. It is this version that Villa-Lobos conducts here. Without knowing its history, one may sense something of transcription, particularly in the prelude, which moves in the manner of pianistic modulation and improvisation. The strings soar beautifully here, and Villa-Lobos lovers cannot fail to be pleased. All movements of this suite are highly agreeable, but less colorful than many of his later and more exotic works. This is pure Villa-Lobos, and one needs no descriptive references to Brazil's color, its virgin forests, its songs and dances. Here are all of the elements that make a work popular, and it should eventually become as much of a favorite as the fifth Bachianas, with its haunting vocal line.

The Seventh of these Suites is orchestral in concept and design; it also is a more romantic work. In both pieces the French orchestra sounds well and the recording is brilliant. Angel is quite right in saying that the recording will not become obsolete by not having been released in stereo. Its sound is handsome on both mono and stereo equipment, and since it is conducted by the composer, it must be considered as near definitive as a recording can be. One can scarcely ask for more.

HINDEMITH: *Kleine Kammermusik, Op. 24, No. 2.*
DANZI: *Quintet, Op. 67, No. 2. The New York Woodwind Quintet.* Concert-Disc, Stereo No. CS-205, $6.95.

OCCASIONALLY, VIRTUOSITY becomes not a baffling affair but a rewarding one. Compound it and the reward may be all the greater. To wit: performance, engineering, and all relative factors on this new disc by the New York Woodwind Quintet are of striking virtuosity. This is one of the finest groups of instrumentalists imaginable, and they perform not only with skill, but with such sensitivity as one expects only of conducted groups. They achieve—minus the Maestro—a Stokowskian quality.

The Hindemith "Kleine Kammermusik"—vintage 1922—is a charming work. Its motoric first movement speeds along gaily and the succeeding waltz is a bit satiric, as well as wistful. "Ruhig und einfach" is the indication prefacing the third movement, and while it is quiet, its simplicity is imaginatively subtle. The concluding movements both prance along with pleasurable élan.

The New York Woodwind Quintet does some masterful and precisely brilliant playing here. It is difficult to imagine a better performance of this agreeable work. And since there are six other versions currently available, one might be tempted to compare all with this stereo version. For the time being, this establishes a new record.

The stereo effect does not tend to separate the ensemble, but merely to enhance the elements of richness and fullness in their playing. Since the whole here is as excellent as its parts, one should note the players. They are Samuel Baron, flute; Jerome Roth, oboe; David Glazer, clarinet; Bernard Garfield, bassoon; and John Barrows, French horn. —OLIVER DANIEL.

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The Road to Richmond

By RICHARD D. FREED

THERE are two cities in England named Richmond. One is in Yorkshire, nearly 250 miles from London; the other is in Surrey, virtually a suburb of the capital. It was undoubtedly the latter that London Records had in mind when christening its reprint label, and now its own "suburban" Richmond is populated by about fifty gems from the pre-stereo ffrr catalogue.

Although it may be too early for a meaningful census, it might appear that this Richmond is "restricted," with space available only for recordings that had been strong sellers on the London label (the one exception, of course, being the Kleiber "Eroica," never issued before its Richmond release). Such items as the Ansermet "Boutique Fantasque" and the Robert Irving pairing of Massenet and Meyerbeer ballet music are fairly typical, and, of course, the old Schuricht Beethoven Fifth because it *is* a Beethoven Fifth.

Several recently discontinued Londons of outstanding excellence are likely to find their way to Richmond blocked simply because they were not big sellers. Many of these extremely worthwhile numbers may still be found rather easily, and they are made even more attractive by many dealers who cut prices on discontinued stock.

HAYDN: *Symphonies Nos. 44 in E Minor ("Trauersymphonie") and 48 in C Major ("Maria Theresia"). Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra.* LL-844.

THE GLORIOUS "MARIA THERESIA" Symphony, very much in C Major, is one of Haydn's most brilliant, if far from his most profound. It is one of those Haydn symphonies frequently praised but rarely performed, a fact Wöldike's splendid performance makes hard to understand. The exuberant and brilliant nature of the work, opening with a dazzling fanfare effect by horns and oboes, has led more than one writer to compare it with the festive suites and orchestral concerti of Handel, and indeed the first movement would hardly be out of place inserted in the "Water Music." The other three movements are lightweight, with more fanfares in the minuet and some of the characteristic humor in the finale.

Hermann Scherchen, Ferenc Fricsay and Paul Sacher have all done well by the "Trauersymphonie," but of the more immediately attractive No. 48 there is no current recording, and none is likely to excel the exciting and impeccably recorded version by Wöldike, perhaps the very finest of his many fine Haydn offerings.

J. CHRISTIAN BACH: *Sinfonia in B-flat Major, Op. 18, No. 2;* HAYDN: *Divertimento in G Major;* DITTERSDORF: *Symphony in C Major;* MOZART: *Symphony No. 14, A Major, K. V. 114. Mogens Wöldike conducting the Danish State Radio Chamber Orchestra.* LL-1308.

MORE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY music by Wöldike, and an uncommonly rich selection. The Mozart is the most interesting of that composer's very early symphonies, with an opening as arresting as that of the more popular No. 29 in the same key and surprisingly more mature than many in between. Mozart wrote delightful parts for the winds in the outer movements, and the Danish horns and flutes make the most of them. The only available version is outclassed on all points, as any subsequent competition (if a discontinued record can be competitive) is almost certain to be.

The Dittersdorf, which follows the Mozart on the same side, is less symphonic in character, and more like an expanded quartet perhaps. Still,

especially in Wöldike's hands, it is a well-polished jewel, one of Dittersdorf's most satisfying works and a model of tidiness in the part writing. The Haydn Divertimento, although dating from the 1760s, at several points gratifyingly suggests the mellowness of the later quartets and the "London" symphonies still thirty years to come. The brief central adagio is a delicate, warmly scored piece indicating that this was not meant as outdoor music, though the solo horn has opportunities to distinguish himself in the outer movements, and there is a jaunty trio for two horns, oboe, and pizzicati in the second minuet.

NIELSEN: *Symphony No. 1, G Minor, Op. 7. Thomas Jensen conducting the Danish State Radio Symphony Orchestra.* LL-635.

EVERY DANISH CONDUCTOR has turned to the music of Carl Nielsen with genuine devotion, but Jensen seems to be the high priest of the Nielsen sect, as Beecham is to the cult of Delius. His Mercury of the somewhat uncharacteristic Sixth ("Sinfonia Semplice"), also withdrawn now, was a singularly exciting record. The London of the First, if less exciting, is nevertheless the kind of record that justifies such a cliché as "a rewarding experience," for, in the best sense, it is just that. The third movement, with its quasi-pastoral opening, is the only section which might be termed ingratiating, but the entire symphony is a wonderful invitation for more.

Although six or seven years ago it seemed that Nielsen might at last be coming into his own, it is dismaying to note that only two of his symphonies (Nos. 3 and 5) remain in the current catalogue. The Violin Concerto (with Menuhin) has also disappeared. Since all these recordings were of a high order sonically and all were made with unquestionable authority by the fine orchestra of the *Statsradiofonien*, it is almost unbelievable that they should be gone without hope of reissue.

A Schubert *Lieder* collection by Gerard Souzay with Dalton Baldwin (LL-1148) is worth almost any price asked, just for the incomparable performance (on the part of both Souzay and Baldwin) of the "Abschied." The Vienna Octet disc of the Mozart D Major Divertimento (K.V. 334) still sounds more idiomatic than any other (LL-235). Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt hasn't often risen to any considerable heights, but in his recording of the Dvořák Second Symphony (or No. 7, according to your catalogue, but the one in D Minor, in any event) with his NWDR Orchestra, he clearly surpassed all microgroove competition, including both versions by Kubelik (LL-778).

These may not make it to Richmond, but, fortunately, most of them are still around.

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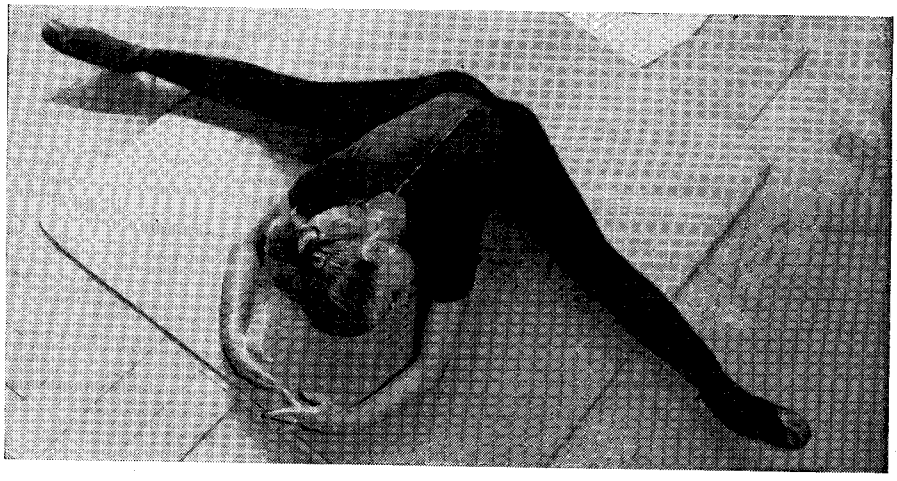
Records to Ballet By



Miss Madeleine Muston, eight-year-old pupil of Boris Kniaseff.

A HIGHLY specialized album, "Teach Your Child Ballet," consisting of a series of thirty lessons designed to be mastered while working on a floor mat at home, has just been issued by the Artia Recording Corporation. This course, intended for the very young with their mothers in stand-by guidance, makes no attempt to displace the traditional academics of dance but aims, rather, to prepare the beginner for the later rigors of classroom work by strengthening basic muscles.

All of the exercises are based upon a system devised by the Russian dancer and choreographer, Boris Kniaseff, now active as a teacher in Geneva. The system, which carries endorsements by Margot Fonteyn, Yvette Chauvirée, and Anton Dolin, is startling in that it departs from the paramount principle of working at the practice *barre*, support immemorial of dancers stretching their limbs for a "warm-up," and concentrates, instead, on exercises to be performed first on the flat of one's back and then while lying on the stomach. In only one or two cases does the body leave the ground, and solely for bending: *danse à terre* in the most literal sense of the word. All feeling for elevation (a later phase, in any case) is thus passed over, and emphasis is placed entirely on muscular development, control of the body at ground range.

MANY BASIC ballet movements are taken up in detail by these records. An accompanying booklet is provided, with splendid photographs by Baron, so that the youngster—and her mother—might follow graphically the steps and stages of various exercises. Spoken instruction is given, via the discs, by Gerald Severn, who has produced the series. Thus the student is guided by oral and visual directions.

Accompanying every exercise, as a rhythmic pattern, are brief musical excerpts played by a studio pianist. The only orchestral sound to be heard in this set lies in a pair of rhapsodic outbursts from Tchaikovsky's "The Sleeping Beauty," at the beginning and end of the recording, a sort of romantic challenge to the student. Thus, the two discs have no musical interest for the listener. They are, instead, fully educational in intent, teaching very thoroughly a new theory of ballet preparation: patterns to be learned with the body in a horizontal rather than the vertical position.

The only valid basis for judging the effect of such a recording would lie in the opportunity of seeing how various children, both as individuals or in groups, might respond to the exercises over a period of time. Since this reviewer has no nymphet at home on whom to tailor a critical judgment, he can only assume that the carefully worked out series will most likely succeed, if followed properly, in preparing a child's balletic muscles for later work at the *barre*. An examination of the closely detailed photographs in the instruction book, however, and an observance of Mr. Severn's remarks (delivered with taste and vigor) lead me to believe that the course might prove unduly baffling for the isolated child or her mixed-up mother. Group instruction, led by an expert familiar with the system on which these records are based, would impart more surely the best effect. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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The big news this month is that Shelly Manne & His Friends are back with a new album, *Bells Are Ringing*. The Friends are André Previn and Red Mitchell. Anyone who digs Shelly & Friends' *My Fair Lady* will certainly want this latest collaboration. (Contemporary M3559 & Stereo S7559).

On Good Time Jazz, The Famous Castle Jazz Band of Portland, Oregon, comes up with 12 happy and hi-fi Dixieland performances of tunes featured in the new Danny Kaye picture, *The Five Pennies*. Four new tunes and eight old favorites: *My Blue Heaven, Indiana, Ja-da, That's A Plenty*, etc. (Good Time Jazz M12037 & Stereo S10037).

Sonny Rollins, the "colossus" of the tenor sax, is back for his second Contemporary album, this time with the top stars who record for CR: Shelly Manne, Barney Kessel, Hampton Hawes, Leroy Vinnegar, and Victor Feldman (on one tune). Naturally the album is called *Sonny Rollins & The Contemporary Leaders*. Sonny picked eight tunes, all standards. It's a must for Rollins fans.

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David Stuart

Editor, GTJ & CR NEWS

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THE OTHER SIDE

Start the Presses!

LONDON.

AS THIS is being written, the labor troubles in the printing trade—after brewing up for several months past—have come to a head and, unless sanity prevails on both sides, we may be without newspapers in a few days' time. Already many local papers and periodicals have failed to appear, while others have been delayed finally to reach us in much reduced format. New record issues will suffer, too, if the supply of labels and sleeves is interrupted, though it is only fair to say that any such dislocation is not too serious a matter at this time of year when the holidays beckon and lay the first claim upon the spending power of most music lovers.

From a phonographic point of view, the most interesting event of the past few weeks has been the Government's decision to permit the unlicensed import of records from the dollar area. This may not seem a particularly startling move until it is realized that, for the past twenty years, the only way in which a British collector could legally obtain a disc issued in the United States, but not available here, was in the form of a present from a transatlantic relative or friend! Now any shop in this country will be able to order American recordings in bulk, provided of course that its clients are prepared to pay shipping costs as well as a formidable rate of duty and purchase tax. What is more, American record manufacturers not at present represented on our home market can now enter this market if they so desire without having to find pressing facilities in this country. What all this will amount to in practice remains to be seen, but it is pleasant to contemplate the disappearance of the "vinyl curtain" and to realize that, henceforth, Mr. Schwann's monthly publication will no longer seem to us like a catalogue of "forbidden fruit."

Decca's July list does perhaps suggest that summer weather tends to undermine our powers of concentration, for it consists in the main of colorful orchestral miscellanies with a strong Franco-Iberian bias. Listening to their splendid new Berlioz program —four celebrated overtures and the Marche Hongroise, played by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under Martinon—I was most struck to discover how much this composer's unique orchestral texture stands to gain from the process of stereo.

Most attractive, too, is a Spanish coupling that brings together Falla's "Nights in the Gardens of Spain" and Rodrigo's Guitar Concerto, with Gonzalo Soriano and Narciso Yepes as the skilled soloists, finely supported by the National Orchestra of Spain under the late Ataulfo Argenta. Ansermet is thoroughly in his element when he conducts the Suisse Romande in Debussy's "Printemps" and "La Boite à Joujoux." Another Swiss conductor, the youthful Peter Maag, leads the London Symphony in Mozart's "Prague" Symphony; having given us an uninspired and slightly mannered account of the first two movements, he charges through the finale in a hell-for-leather fashion, which is nothing if not exhilarating.

For opera-in-stereo addicts Decca makes available its all-star performance of "La Forza del Destino" which, though recorded four summers ago, shows on how solid a technical foundation this company's more recent triumphs have been built. Another disc offers excerpts from the stereo "Merry Widow" starring Hilde Gueden, but I do feel that only a stereomaniac would prefer this version to the incomparable Columbia-Angel mono set with Schwarzkopf and Kunz.

Decca's latest RCA releases also maintain the "music for a warm evening" pattern, with two discs by Reiner and the Chicago Symphony featuring plenty of Ravel—"Rapsodie Espagnole" and the Pavane backed by Rachmaninoff's "Isle of the Dead"; "Valses nobles et sentimentales" and "Alborada del gracioso" coupled with Debussy's "Iberia"—while the same orchestra and conductor are also heard in support of Artur Rubinstein's dashing Rachmaninoff No. 2. Still more Ravel, the "Mother Goose" Suite, is contributed by the Boston Symphony under Munch together with "L'Apprenti Sorcier" and "Le Rouet d'Omphale" under the rather superfluous title of "The French Touch." Also on RCA are two mono reissues to delight the connoisseur: the incomparable Kreisler/Rachmaninoff performances of violin sonatas by Grieg and Schubert and, on the cheap Camden label, highlights from "Carmen" sung by Geraldine Farrar with Martinelli and Amato.

The more modern type of cheap reprint is proving most popular although there are always some people who

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avoid such discs under the mistaken notion that "there must be something the matter with them." In actual fact some of the recent additions to Decca's "Ace of Clubs" series are outstandingly fine, for they include the Concertgebouw/Szell Dvořák 4, the Ansermet disc of "Pictures at an Exhibition" and "La Valse."

EMI stereo issues these days tend to be scheduled for mid-month release and, in fact, rarely appear with any degree of punctuality. The July list, not unexpectedly, includes: the Callas/Serafin performance of "Medea"; Hotter and Nilsson in scenes from "The Flying Dutchman" and "Die Walküre"; Mozart's two G minor Symphonies (Klemperer); Sibelius No. 2 (Kletzki); "Pictures at an Exhibition" (Karajan); Schwarzkopf's operetta recital, Beethoven 2 and "Ruins of Athens" (Beecham); Menuhin's erratic performances of Lalo's Symphonie Espagnole and the two popular Saint-Saëns pieces; Solomon's coupling of Beethoven 1st Concerto and the lovely Op. 90 Sonata; and a pair of Handel discs.

All these had already appeared on mono, but there are also two discs quite new to us: highlights from "Die Fledermaus," sung in English by members of the Sadler's Wells company, and a collection of famous Italian tenor arias entitled "Fame in a Night." This, I hasten to add, refers neither to the composers nor to the music but to Charles Craig, one of the newest stars in our operatic firmament. During the past few weeks we have had several more performances of "Madama Butterfly" directed by Kempe and with Jurinac in radiant voice, yet Craig once more completely held his own and thus proved that last winter's triumph was no flash in the pan.

WHILE the legitimate stage in this country frequently receives official recognition through honors bestowed upon leading actors and actresses, our singers usually have to content themselves with the plaudits of appreciative audiences and the occasional floral tribute. It was a delightful surprise, therefore, to discover in the "Birthday Honours List" (published each year during early June) among the recipients of the CBE—short for "Commander of the Order of the British Empire"—not only the name of composer Michael Tippett but also that of the young Welsh baritone Geraint Evans, the first singer to be honored in this way since the late Kathleen Ferrier. I am naturally delighted to find such rare yet far from "obvious" talent acknowledged by The Establishment and can only hope that this award will be regarded as a precedent for the future. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

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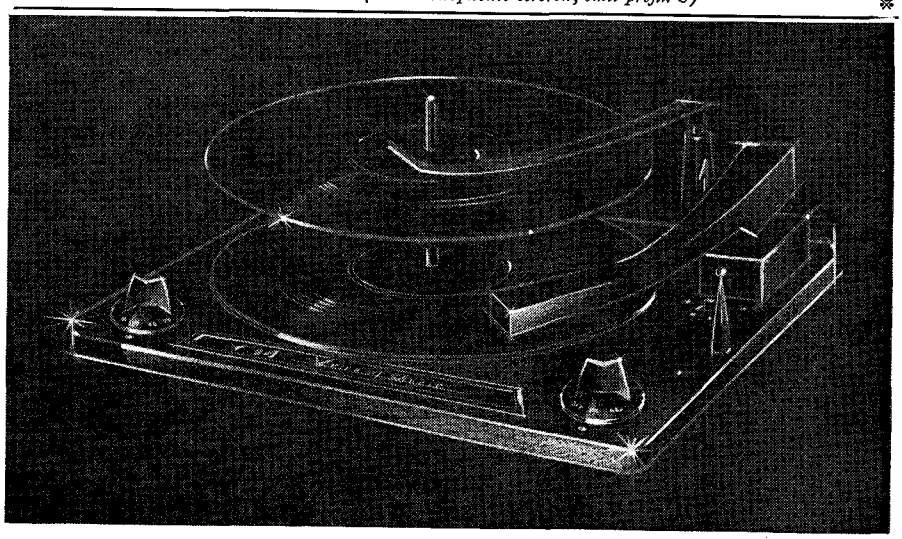

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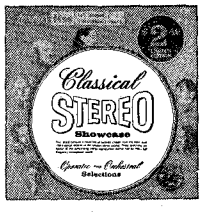

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THE AMEN CORNER

Life on the Mississippi

AS A STUDY in the social background of jazz, I most urgently recommend the LP "Blues in the Mississippi Night," taken from disc recordings made in the field seventeen years ago by the noted musical scholar, Alan Lomax (United Artists UAL 4027). Here we have three anonymous Mississippi delta musicians singing, playing, and talking with the utmost informality. The conversation among them is of wonderful animation, color and candor, and ranges through the scenes that have meant so much in Negro life along the river: levee camps, plantations, railroad gangs, prison farms, barrel houses. The talkers stimulate each other as good jazz musicians do in improvising, and the result is a treasure of intimate expression, which it would be a shame to label as a piece of sociology. Yet it is perfectly true, as Lomax remarks in his notes, that "the recording . . . shows that people who are virtually illiterate and unschooled can view a complex social problem as a whole, that they can analyze it and think about it logically, that they can present their views, coherently and powerfully, and with great 'literary' skill."

It is a wholly natural transition to "Pure Blues" (Atlantic 1283) which collects on a single LP the last recordings, made in Chicago in 1951, of Jimmy Yancey, pianist, and Mama Yancey, singer. The Yanceys would be legendary but for the fact that their pellucid blues have been so beautifully engraved. This is music of the heart finding its way into crystal definition of form; it has the quality of absolute achievement; it is one of the very finest things in the jazz literature.

With most jazz, we must be prepared for imperfections, whether they be technical flaws or follies of conception. They are the price we pay for the spontaneous spirit of the music at its best. Also, there are musicians who can both delight and distress the listener in the short space, say, of a single chorus; their brilliance and energy may seem to keep getting out of hand. And yet we would not be without their high talents. For me, Julian "Cannonball" Adderley is a case in point—he often strikes me as playing altogether too much alto saxophone. One of the most effervescent players alive, his inventions are abundant and complex, after the manner of the late Charlie Parker, but Adderley lacks Parker's shaping melodic sense and the result is often too rococo for my taste. But I cannot let his gusto and flourish alone; he blows away my objections almost as rapidly as he raises them. In a new LP, "Blue Spring" (Riverside RLP 12-297), he is one of the admirable Kenny Dorham Septet, with the leader on the trumpet; Cecil Payne, baritone sax; David Amram, French horn; Cedar Walton, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb or Philly Joe Jones, drums. This group address themselves to four originals by Dorham and to the well-known ballads "Spring Is Here" and "It Might as Well Be Spring." The idiom is warmly modern, with strong ensemble writing and lyric improvising by Dorham, a superb rhythm section, and Adderley in full fantastic flight.

Sonny Rollins, the newest grandmaster of the tenor saxophone, has been West again and recorded with some of the foremost Pacific talents: Hampton Hawes, piano; Barney Kessel, guitar; Leroy Vinnegar, bass; Shelly Manne, drums; and Victor Feldman, vibraharp. I do not find this group as congenial as the small East Coast ensembles with which Rollins has been recording. Kessel's guitar seems a little light for Rollins's company, and Manne's drumming a little neat. Rollins, after all, is among the strongest, most rhythmically loose and eccentric performers we have; he thrives with companions of a similar robustness and elasticity (I think of the drummers Max Roach and Elvin Jones). Where Sonny plays the bar lines had better be thrown on the scrap and a musician should be able to keep his rhythmic head amid what is really a most subtly controlled abandon. Freedom and inner fixture are of the essence. Still, it is delightful to hear this powerful, droll, and lyrically capricious inventor go to work on such established themes as "I've Told Every Little Star," "Rock-A-Bye Your Baby with a Dixie Melody" (an old vaudeville favorite that I had despaired of hearing again), "I've Found a New Baby" and "The Song Is You." Finally, a lovely piece of impromptu jamming on "How High the Moon" fortunately found its way onto the tape. At the moment, I cannot think of a more delectable version (Contemporary 3564).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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The Garden and Points West

IN AN EXPANSIVE misnomer, the great Soviet spectacle recently presented by Sol Hurok at Madison Square Garden was billed as "The Russian Festival of Music and Dance." There turned out to be plenty of music, but most of it—furnished by the Piatnitsky Folk Choir and a couple of soloists from the Kiev and Bolshoi Operas—stayed within a circumscribed range, although, one hastens to add, the choir sang its folk and semi-folk material (including the popular "Meadowland") admirably. Both soloists were featured in the type of revue melodies which, decades ago, might have served as production numbers at the old Hippodrome. Thus, the festival could be found wanting as music. Pictorially, however, the big show came thrillingly alive once the Piatnitsky Choir had completed its part of the program. In fact the whole production—staged by Boris Pokrovsky—moved with a cumulative effect that left one breathless by the time it had reached the finale.

Of dancing, there was an infinite, and consistently fine, variety. Sharply etched folk numbers by groups from the Armenian and Kazakh Companies, soloists from the Bolshoi and the Mali Opera Theater of Leningrad, and—Mr. Hurok's trump card—a series of delectable turns by artists from the Moiseyev Dance Company—brought distinction at all points. The closing number, enlisting the entire company, was a miracle of group counterpoint. Add to this a symphony orchestra under the direction of Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, an attractive new ballerina from Uzbekistan, Georgian warriors who whirl on their toes, and one has a formidable evening of entertainment. Festival? The word is overworked, but certainly a major theatrical event.

OPERA on two widely spaced fronts led this writer last week to a revival of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West" at Red Rock's Colorado, and a mounting of Strauss's "Ariadne auf Naxos" at the Empire State Festival, New York. From the standpoint of performance, Puccini won. Strauss emerged somewhat battered.

Blame for "Ariadne's" misfortunes must be laid chiefly at the door of stage director-designer Elemer Nagy, whose treatment of the work seemed willful in the extreme. The familiar prologue, set in the time of Molière, was shifted to the twentieth century, with the Major Domo dressed as an Arthur Treacher butler, Zerbinetta wearing a bathing suit, the Dancing Master an abbreviated T-shirt, and the Composer (one of Strauss's most tender and elusive rôles) in slacks, rolled-up sleeves, and horn-rimmed glasses. In a dismal sort of way, this is the kind of production that might have passed for daring on the Berlin subway sircuit at the time of Lya de Putti, but its style today is old-fashioned and irrelevant.

Musically, the performance was fair. Frances Yeend, after ironing out a slow vibrato in the voice, sang acceptably as Ariadne. Rudolph Petrak did good work as Bacchus. Best among the large cast were Ralph Herbert as the Music Master and Martina Arroyo in the music of Echo. Laszlo Halasz conducted the thirty-six piece chamber orchestra made up of players from the Symphony of the Air.

"GIRL of the Golden West" fared well by virtue of Richard Rychtarik's settings, Herbert Graf's stage direction, and some notable singing. Red Rocks, an outdoor auditorium about eight miles from Denver, is one of the great natural sights of this country: a tremendous amphitheater fronted by a slab of rock that Wagner might have dreamed up for the third act of "Walkure."

In order to be played on this giant stage, the "Girl" had to meet with certain alterations. Thus, the interior of Nick's barroom, "The Polka," was replaced by a panoramic street scene and open-air canteen. This and other changes were minor, growing out of practical need; and the general air of authenticity was responsible for much of the evening's success. So, in even greater measure, was Puccini's opera itself, heard this time in a new English version.

The Denver Symphony, under the baton of Saul Caston, contended bravely with the sound barrier of the covered pit. William Chapman was an excellent Sheriff; Brian Sullivan a Dick Johnson not yet grown fully into the part; and Eleanor Steber a superb Minnie. First-rate vocalism, impeccable rendering of the text, wonderful flashes of humor, total dramatic and visual identification with the part marked Miss Steber's work throughout. This was opera singing in the grand tradition.—ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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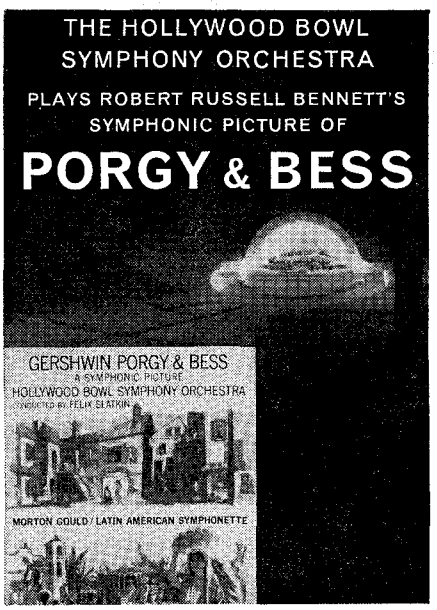

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HARVARD WAS THERE FIRST

IN "LINCOLN CENTER States Its Case" [*SR* June 27] the New York Philharmonic is referred to as "America's oldest symphony orchestra." This is only partly true. The New York Philharmonic is America's oldest professional symphony orchestra, but a Harvard University organization, Pierian Sodality of 1808, has the distinction of being the sponsor of America's oldest orchestra, the presently named Harvard-Radcliffe Orchestra. The 150th anniversary celebration was a year ago, the season opening with a concert of Bach, Dello Joio, and Brahms Violin Concerto, Johanna Martzy soloist (one week before she made her N.Y. Philharmonic debut). The second concert celebrated the 100th anniversary of the Harvard Glee Club, which with the Radcliffe Choral Society, performed Haydn's "The Creation."

WILLIAM ALLIN STORRER.

Cambridge, Mass.

A BRAVO AND A PLEA

TO RICHARD D. FREED'S lament for the passing of the ten-inch LP ("The Little Ones" [*SR* May 30]) and thereby of many irreplacable items let me add a bravo and a plea for the speedy restoration of:

Col. ML 2174 Barber, *"Knoxville: Summer of 1915"*

Col. ML 2048 Strauss, *"Salome,"* Final Scene (Ljuba Welitch)

Vic. LM 136 Music of the 16th Century (Shaw Chorale)

They are three deserving ten-inchers that would grace any collection.

JACK BELSOM.

New Orleans, La.

CLEARCUT INCONSISTENCY

AFTER PAYING ALL expenses, it is reported the Moiseyev dancers will only take $1,600,000 back to the Kremlin to help them advance Communism. Compared to the $3 or $4 billions we are taxed each year to support our foreign aid programs to prevent the spread of Communism this $1.6 million is so small most people have not even mentioned it. But it is a clearcut inconsistency in our national policies.

J. KESNER KAHN.

Chicago, Ill.

CLIFF-HANGER

I AM WRITING TO you for all the people of the Intermountain West, who are very proud of their fine Utah Symphony under the direction of its internationally known conductor, Maurice Abravanel. We did not like your comments in the May 30 issue of *Saturday Review* concerning the recent Westminster recording of Grofe's Grand Canyon Suite. We are firmly of the opinion that it far surpasses Ormandy's version, and we suggest that you come out and get the true feeling of the Grand Canyon itself in order to understand the perfection of Abravanel's tempo. Have you ever gone down the trail into the canyon on a mule? The whole recording has a sparkle and vitality that speaks of the West and of our great beauty in scenery. The music is recorded to suit our spirit out here, and I do hope you will print this letter, so everyone will understand our pride in our great orchestra.

MRS. ANTHONY J. LUND.

BABY DOE'S DEBUT

PLEASE LET ME KNOW as soon as possible if the libretto or any musical recordings are available on or about the opera "Ballad of Baby Doe" by John Latouche and Douglas Moore—currently playing in Central City, Colorado.

Our other sources of information have been unable to give us any help, but feel sure you will.

MRS. WILLIAM WARE.

Fitzgerald, Ga.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *M-G-M will be releasing "Baby Doe" at the end of July, with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, and Walter Cassel heading a NYC Opera Company cast.*

NEW "DON GIOVANNI"

IT HAS BEEN announced that RCA will issue a new recording of "Don Giovanni." Has Victor made a recording of this opera? If so, with what cast, and when will it be released?

As a subscriber to *SR*, I have found the monthly Recording Section readable and informative.

STILES N. SEAY.

APO, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The new "Don Giovanni" has just been finished in Vienna, with a cast including Birgit Nilsson, Leontyne Price, Eugenia Ratti, Cesare Siepi, Cesare Valletti, Fernando Corena, and Heinz Blankenburg, conducted by Erich Leinsdorf. It is scheduled for release in the fall of 1960.*

GIGLI ANTHOLOGY

ON PAGE FORTY-SIX of the June 27th issue of *SR* in the article called "The Other Side," we are told of HMV issuing a fine Gigli anthology of the 1930s.

Is this record going to be available in the U.S.? If not, how can I buy it?

DANIEL MARRO.

New York, N.Y.

RECORD MART

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1322

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

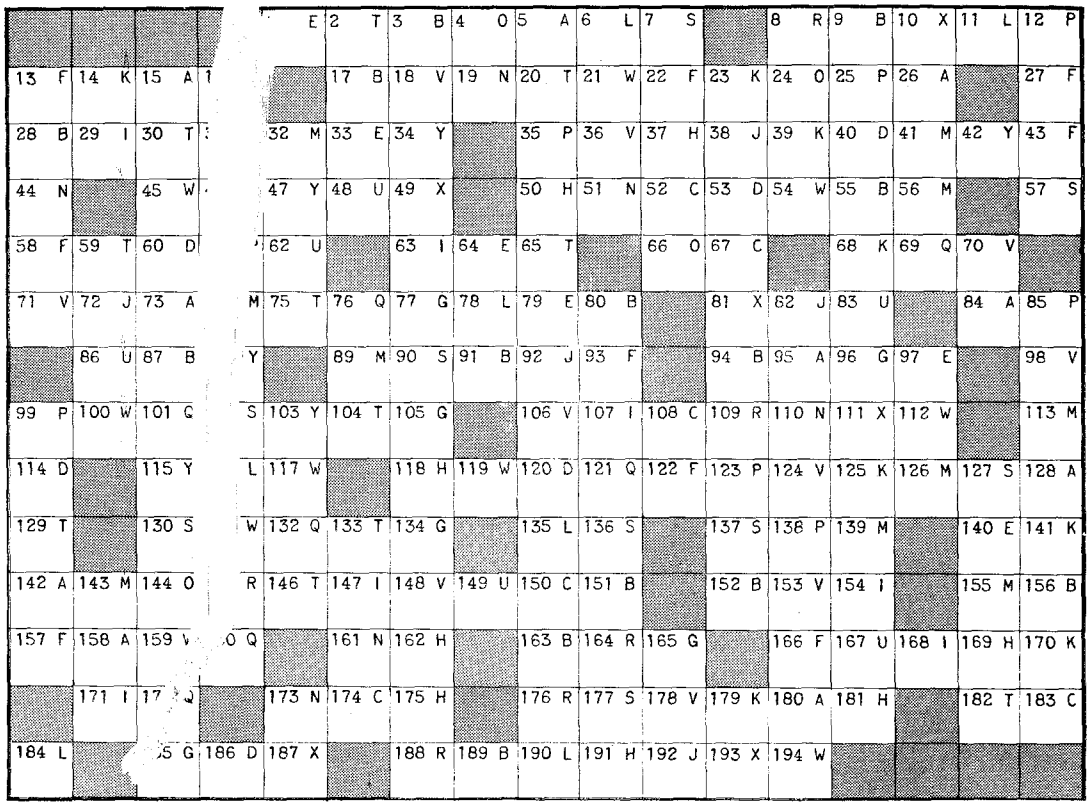
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French poet who, infatuated, followed Mary Queen of Scots home from France, 1561.	180 95 158 142 84 26 128 5 15 73
B. Having eight eyes.	91 17 163 9 189 55 94 87 152 80 28 / 156 3 151
C. Mental apprehension of whatever may be known or imagined.	183 52 174 108 67 150
D. Regular procedure adhered to through force of habit.	120 60 53 186 40 114 16
E. Acronymic name of recent organization to improve appearance of neighborhoods.	79 1 97 140 64 33
F. Low in spirits.	22 27 166 157 58 122 13 43 93
G. Student receiving regular counsel.	96 77 46 185 105 165 134
H. Gay decade, except for some of those who attain it who find it prideful.	191 37 162 181 50 118 169 175
I. Community in Maine famous for its canoes manufactured there (2 wds.).	29 107 154 147 171 168 63
J. English publisher who "discovered" this author, late 19th cent.	82 72 92 192 38
K. A modification resulting from admixture.	68 179 141 39 125 14 170 23

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. Flightlike.	11 116 78 6 135 190 184
M. Antonym of Word F.	32 41 56 74 155 126 139 143 113 89
N. Mohammedans of a northern province of India, and their language.	44 161 19 110 51 173
O. One of three born at one birth.	66 4 144 24
P. Pertaining to an eight-armed cephalopod.	85 25 138 12 35 123 61 99
Q. Of the eyes or a jewel: more lusterless.	172 76 160 69 101 121 132
R. First professional Amer. forester and great political leader (1865-1946).	176 31 109 8 164 188 145
S. Fine cut of meat, popular in old England (3 wds.).	90 137 127 177 130 57 7 102 136
T. The piccolo (2 wds.).	2 133 30 182 75 104 20 59 146 65 129
U. Natural covered opening in the earth.	62 48 167 83 86 149
V. The Douai Bible of 1609 (2 wds.).	36 18 124 71 153 106 148 98 178 70
W. Displaying variable or shifting vision (comp.).	45 112 117 119 131 159 100 21 194 54
X. An emblem of profound or recondite significance.	187 49 10 81 193 111
Y. Slender and lithe.	34 103 47 42 115 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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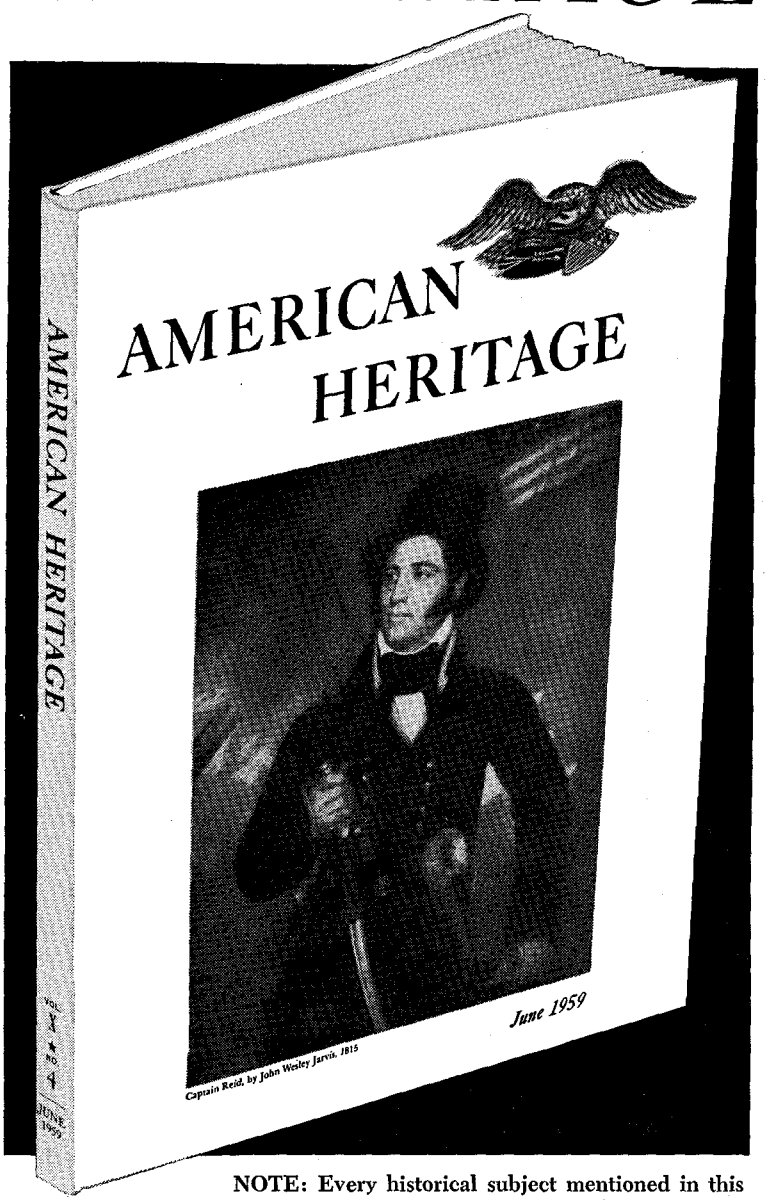

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- Our cities are going to pot? Lawless mobs terrorized New York City for a week, shooting, looting and lynching many hundreds of its citizens. (The Draft Riots of 1863.)
- Rock 'n' Roll sounds trashy? How about *"Come my Arab lady, Where the palms are shady. Hasten to my side."* (From a popular nickelodeon song slide of 1908.)

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